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BUDS FROM MEMORY'S WREATH.

BY
MRS. SALLIE SPOTSWOOD CRUTE.



PHILADELPHIA:
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER.
1873.

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TO MY
FATHER AND MOTHER
THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED AS A TRIBUTE OF LOVE
BY THEIR DAUGHTER,
THE AUTHOR.







PREFACE.

BEFORE you I place these buds, which I have gathered from the withered wreath; gathered them by life's thorny wayside springing. They are wafted to you by friendly gales from amid the shadowy banks of memory's bright enchanted isles. In offering them, I let each breath rise with a warm thank-offering from my heart to those who accept them, hoping that they may a brightness and a joy impart. Oh! handle these buds with tenderness; let their fragrance steal into your hearts with a holy spell. Guard them with a kindly care, for they send forth an odor freighted with love. Some of these buds were gathered at an early age, when my heart was full of dew; when the world was sweeter and more exceeding fair than *now*.

Other buds I gathered at later periods. I do not offer them as bearing any brilliancy of color, but deem them as the violet, modest and humble, yet bearing heavenward their incense of love. Accept them from the hands that present them, and may *they* "live when dies my earthly name."

THE AUTHOR.





NOTICE.

It has not been our privilege to examine the contents of this little book. The Authoress does not put it forth because of special literary merits, since a large proportion of its contents was written in girlhood. Circumstances rather than choice have induced her to publish it. She does not invite criticism, but simply asks that her friends and a generous public may appreciate whatever of merit there is in the little volume, for the sake of her whose heart looks for encouragement in its publication and sale. This request finds a second in her former pastor,

R. K. BROWN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 11, 1872.





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BUDS FROM MEMORY'S WREATH.



MY MOTHER.

LIKE the perfume of some faded flower,
Like the breeze of an eastern clime ;
The thoughts of *thee* bring back again
The scenes of childhood's time.
Bright were the hopes that crowned my life—
Too bright, too bright were they—
Then I thought that many bright hours
Would shine along my way.
Thoughts of thee bring back my home
With all its blissful hours—
The songs that once I loved so well
When a child among the flowers.
Mother, once more I see thy form,
Thy dear familiar face—
I hear once more thy gentle voice,
I feel thy fond embrace.

Oh! ever through the misty past
And through the future drear
Will come, my lonely heart to fill,
Thy image, O Mother dear!
Peace, like the blessed dew that falls
Upon the opening flower,
Will on my life thy influence come
With sweet and strengthening power.

TO AN ONLY BROTHER.

SWEET is the fadeless memory
Of childhood's golden hour;
How it comes back on the spirit
With a deep and thrilling power:
The soft and heavenly rapture
Hanging round that fairy land,
While the blue sky bent in beauty
We wandered hand in hand.
Round our gentle mother kneeling
We learned of God and truth,
While her prayers fell on our spirits
And won our tender youth.

It hath fled ! our sunny childhood,
Ah ! it was too bright to last,
And I often weep with sorrow
That it hath forever past.

GIVE ME THE NIGHT.

GIVE me the night, the beautiful night,
With its gleaming stars, its moonbeams bright,
While the perfume of flowers from hill and dell
Breathes o'er me with a soothing spell.
Give me the night, with its gems afar,
Looking down in love is each trembling star,
And my thoughts then soar to another sphere,
To a home more bright than this one here.
Give me the night, the clear, calm night,
To me it brings a sweet delight ;
Each star looks down with an angel's smile
To cheer my weary heart the while.
Give me the night, with its gems on high,
With its dim spirit-voices ever nigh ;
'Tis then I am ever yearning to gaze
On the loved and lost of earlier days.

Yes, give me the night, with its soft dreamy hours,
When hushed to repose are the gay birds and
flowers ;

'Tis then I breathe forth each heart-hidden thought
In silence from the "ashes of roses" brought.

Give me the night, the beautiful night,
With its gleaming stars, its moonbeams bright ;
While the perfume of flowers from hill and dell
Breathes o'er me with a soothing spell.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

O TELL me why thy heart is sad,
Why heaves thy breast the sigh ;
Why fears of future ills arise
To cloud thy sunny sky ?
Ah ! I would have thee smile again,
For all around are gay ;
I'd have thee be as happy *now*
As on thy bridal day.
I know those bright and happy days
Will come again once more,
And time will bring thee back the past

As bright as 'twas before.
I'd have you prize and value more
The blessings that are nigh ;
I'd have you look to future joys
With calm and hopeful eye.
The hopes that clustered round thy life
Will bud again for thee ;
Those hopes that came in spring's young time
For thee will brighter be.
Then let thy heart be light and gay
In this, thy darkest hour,
And bend thy knee serenely now
Before God's holy power.





THOU ART WITH ME STILL.

THOU art with me still—at eventide
Thy low sweet voice is heard,
Rousing within my heart those hidden springs
That oft thy tones have stirred.

Thy low sweet tones, how soft they come,
Thrilling my soul in every chord ;
There is joy around, beneath, above,
Like dew-drops on sweet flowers poured.

There comes to me an answering tone
With the bliss of Heaven-imparted life ;
A richer sound my spirit's depths ne'er stirred—
My soul with melody is rife.

Thou art with me still, though years have passed,
Passed wearily and slow,
Bearing each joy, each happy dream,
To the dim eternal shore.

Thou 'lt still be with me ; years but twine
Sweet memories round affection's tomb,
And, like the Eden bird of Hope,
Still lights the charnel's ghastly gloom.

VESPER BELLS.

O! the sweet, sweet vesper bells,
How soft their notes are stealing ;
How like some far-off heavenly strain
They come with music pealing :
Bells of music borne by fragrant gales,
Each varying note or mournful swell
Comes on the air, with sounds of bliss,
To charm us with their magic spell.

Sweet vesper bells, thy holy strains
Sink in my inmost heart ;
They speak of joys, of heavenly rest
That never will depart.
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
For thy sweet sounds my soul doth yearn ;
They bring once more, in beauty bright,
Sweet dreams that never will return.

Bells of music, o'er my soul
Come thy strains at even ;
Each mellow sound, so soft and clear,
Brings holy thoughts of heaven :
O'er the earth thy notes are pealing,
Each pulse throbs with the holy strain,
And o'er my mem'ry a mournful glory comes
Of days I ne'er shall see again.

THE SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I SIGH for the home where loved ones dwell,
In my far-off southern home ;
For the peaceful rest of the free and brave
To that spot my thoughts will roam.
My native home ! I see thee now
As fast, mid gathering tears,
Fond memory gently wanders back
To former, happier years.
'Twas there the light of peace and love
Robbed life of many a care,
And tints of heavenly beauty wrought
The hopes that clustered there.

The thoughts of childhood, "gleesome sweet,"
Are lingering with me yet ;
No grief can its sweet influence quench,
Or cause me to forget ;
The fiery war-god's crimson touch
Hath marked my few sad years ;
Suffering may bring sweet peace at last,
Though brought with blood and tears.
Around my far-off southern home
Affection's flowerets wave ;
Then near that cherished household band
O make my lonely grave !

LIFE'S FLOWERS.

SWEET flowers, sweet flowers around me bloom,
Each bud is touched with a soft perfume :
Oh ! how I cherish this living wreath
As it thrills my soul with its perfumed breath.

More beautiful than the light in a poet's dream,
Lovelier than flowers by the sparkling stream
Are those earthly buds, my cherished flowers,
That are linked with love in our earthly bowers.

Those frail flowers to me were given
From the fount of love, the throne of heaven ;
And I ever find at this sacred shrine
Fresh fragrance where these leaflets twine.

But I miss *one* bud from my wreath of flowers,
The loveliest that bloomed within the bowers ;
Death came, and froze with chilling blight
The tendrils of hope, of love, and light.

I laid him away, this bud so rare,
Where the world's cold breath and its chilling air
Could never touch with its poisonous breath
This lovely bud from the living wreath.

Yes, he now dwells with a brighter band
Than those frail flowers in our earthly land,
Where bright angels dwell on a golden shore,
His tones of ethereal music pour.

Oh ! may I keep my earthly flowers
Pure in these amaranthine bowers ;
May the vases in which the buds unfold
Be burning gems and inwrought with gold.

Let me clasp to my heart this *living* wreath,
Let my soul drink in its perfumed breath ;
The *world's* breath will pale them, though beautiful
 now,
And *death* sooner or later will chill each fair brow.

FAIR-HAIRED IDA BELL.

I HAVE a sweet and gentle child,
 With golden sunny tress,
And care dims not her snow-white brow
 In all its loveliness.
Her cheek is like the ocean shell,
 Her smile is fresh and sweet ;
Her eyes are of the brightest blue,
 Like the violets at her feet :
She sees bright shapes in the floating clouds,
 She feels no weight of care,
And, like a bird in the spring-time gay,
 To her all earth seems fair.
And would you know this gentle one,
 With her wealth of golden hair,
Who dwells near by old bayou's stream,
 With brow so pure and fair ?

She is the darling of our hearts,
Her name I need not tell,
For all who know this lovely one
Doth prize and love her well.
Where blooms the gay "forget-me-not"
Down in the shady dell,
Near by old bayou's murky stream
Dwells fair-hair'd Ida Bell.

ON SCENES OF OTHER HAPPIER YEARS.

ON scenes of other happier years,
The buried joys of former days,
Through memory's fair and magic glass
With tearful eye intent I gaze :
I read again life's folded leaves,
I see the forms I loved so well ;
I list to Hope's delicious song,
I feel her magic spell.

The scenes of other happier years,
The forms and faces dear,
E'en now, though years are passed and gone,
Full fresh and fond appear.

Yes, memory brings me back my youth,
She tells me of the past ;
She summons back the scenes I loved
To cheer my heart at last.

'Twas then I sipped life's choicest sweets
Beneath youth's sunny sky ;
'Twas *then* the calm of sweet content
Beamed forth from childhood's eye.
Ah ! in the morning of those days
Life gleamed in brightest hue ;
But soon those visions were dispelled
Like gems of sparkling dew.

O the blessings that once were mine !
They 'll come again no more ;
The voices of the friends I loved
Have fled with days of yore.
Ah ! where are now those cherished ones
Whose love was warm and true ?
Where is the light of other days,
The bliss that once I knew ?

Alas ! those loved and cherished ones
Rest 'neath the hawthorn's bloom ;

Their cheeks grew pale, their bright eyes dim,
They sleep in death's dark gloom.
But time and change, that visit all,
Can never steal away
The joys, the memories of the past,
The light of childhood's day.

CLIVE TO ION.

YES, we have parted and forever,
We who thought would never part;
Love's golden chains your words now sever,
Then take, O take again your heart:
Yes, take it back, for it is thine;
Never more on earth we'll meet;
Then give to me the heart that's mine,
And leave me lone, but free to weep.
Yet, if sorrow e'er should fling
Its shadows o'er thy brow,
There still will be a heart to cling
To thine as even now.

But, false one, I leave thee now
With feelings that no tongue can tell,
With blessings rich upon thy brow
I bid thee a last farewell!

AN ACROSTIC.

EVER, dear one, will thy memory dwell
Low in my heart's most sacred cell ;
Led by memory through long-vanished years,
I dream of thee through unwept tears.
Ere death had chilled thy life so fair
Visions of beauty were imprinted there.
Like lovely fancies of a poet's dream
Oft will thy image around me beam ;
While round my heart thy smile still clings
Ever among life's brightest things.





COME WHERE BRAVE, BRAVE HEARTS
ARE LAID.

COME where brave, brave hearts are laid,
Where the silent form repositeth ;
Apart from the cold world's noisy strife
Come as evening's hour closeth ;
The loved feel not our silent tread,
Their freed souls rest forever ;
They have gone to dwell in a fairer clime,
Where the bright flower fadeth never.
Above each soldier's hallowed tomb
Affection's flowerets wave ;
O may the genial dews of love
Water each lonely grave.

Standing o'er each honored grave
Come thoughts of joys that were,
And love is in each soul enshrined,
Each hero claims a share.
Then deck each grave of our noble dead,
O bend ye at their shrine ;

Their hearts are stilled, in death they sleep,

Their honor makes it thine.

O'er the blest and honored why repine?

Their griefs and perils now are past.

Why o'er their lonely pillow should we weep?

They 've found *sweet peace* at last.

'Twas for their country, for their race they died;

This thought our sorrowing bosoms thrill;

And, gazing up with tearful eye,

We bow beneath our Father's will.

ON THE

DEATH OF MARY LOUISA BINFORD.

I THINK of her I loved so well

Who, in her summer's bloom,

Bright from the arms of love went forth

To the dim silence of the tomb.

I think of her whose beaming smile

Was as the sunlight to our view;

Whose voice, like the lull of streams,

Floated o'er our souls like morning dew.

I think of her whose heart e'er bore
The music of life's stream ;
And *all* things seemed to her as bright
As some fair fairy dream.

But she is gone, like the pale sweet flowers
That bloomed in early spring ;
She slumbers in the silent grave
Where the birds their sweet songs sing.

O COME TO THE WOODLAND BOWERS.

O COME to the woodland bowers,
There is fragrance in the air ;
Let the merry laugh ring out in glee,
Bright flowers are blooming there.

Come with the light-winged hours,
For beauty is everywhere ;
O come to the woodland shades,
Let us wander joyously there.

There blooms in beauty the peerless flower,
Each young bud wears a blush ;
The murmuring fount with its crystal wealth
Flows amid the holy hush.

'Tis there the sparkling sunbeams peep
Lovingly through the fragrant leaves,
And joyous sounds above us swell
As Nature her song of gladness weaves.

Then come to the woodland bowers,
There is fragrance in the air ;
Let the merry laugh ring out in glee,
Bright flowers are blooming there.

THE DYING BOY.

MOTHER, I feel I'm dying now,
So feeble is my sight ;
I soon must burst my spirit bonds,
And go where all is light :
I know thy heart with grief is wrung
To see thy darling die ;
To know that he must "sleep the sleep"
Alone, with no one nigh.

Bury me where bright flowers bloom
To slumber soft and sweet,
Where early violets begin to peep
In beauty at my feet :
Yes, lay me 'neath my favorite tree,
Where oft, in childhood's hour,
I wandered with my sisters dear
To cull each tiny flower.
To that spot you 'll come, mother,
To seal the pledges given,
They 'll serve as links to thy lonely heart
In the chain that reaches heaven.
Yes, bend thee o'er that sacred spot
When thy heart its sorrows wear,
A whispering voice will say to thee,
Look up, thy boy is *there*,
In that bright and glorious heaven,
With friends and loved ones gone,
With unseen angels hovering near
I 'll cheer thy heart so lone :
I 'll gather flowers of immortal birth
That bloom in beauty there,
I 'll join a band of those Eden flowers
Whose tints eternal glory wear.

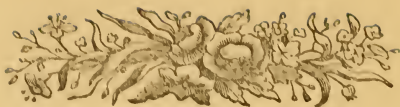
Here on thy wildly heaving breast
I'll lay my weary head,
And listen to thy blessed voice,
And watch the tears you shed.
O murmur again thy heartfelt love,
O clasp me to thy breast ;
Thy quivering lips now press to mine,
My hand by thine be pressed.
Draw each loved one near, mother,
But tell them not to weep,
While you sing again that happy song
I'll close mine eyes in sleep ;
Breathe again the holy prayer
That speaks of a Saviour's love,
While angels pure are hovering near
From those starry worlds above.
Hark ! I hear their voices, mother,
They come from that bright land,
While notes of sweetest music pour
From harps of the seraph band.
Bar not the sunlight from my view,
On my brow O let it glow ;
I hail it as a beam of love
From the land to which I go ;

To my throbbing heart and aching brow
It speaks sweet words of peace,
As, pouring through yon window, soft
It falls upon my face.
Death has waved his icy wand,
He drinks the life dew from my heart ;
I soon will win an immortal goal
When these quick'ning fibres rend apart.
I'll wait me in those star-lit heavens
For thee and my sisters fair ;
Then wipe away those gushing tears
And seek to meet me there.
O let me see around thy brow
The seal of faith and love ;
I'll bear it in my pulseless breast
To my glorious home above.
I hear sweet notes again, mother,
'Tis the loved ones from on high ;
All mute those lips are growing, mother,
And dim is now mine eye.—
On the drooping eye and pallid cheek
Death threw his icy spell ;
His spirit fled with the sunbeams pale
To that home he loved so well :

They laid him 'neath his favorite tree,
Near the star-like blossoms of his early home,
Where soft winds breathe o'er his place of rest
As he sleeps in death alone.

AN ACROSTIC.

E'EN now I see those deep-fringed orbs
Drooping day by day,
Wearing within their looks of love
A tale of sad decay:
Round thy pure and childish brow
Death's darksome shadow resteth now.
I think of *thee*, the loved, the wept,
Closed are those orbs of light;
Remembrance now with mournful sweetness dwells
Upon each look, each smile so bright;
The haunting image of thy sweet face
E'en now doth fill *one vacant* place.



THE BRIDE.

O LONELY is my heart to-night,
Its pains I cannot still;
Nor calm the tumult of my breast,
That beats not at my will.
Fierce is the struggle of my soul,
Deep are the burning tears
In bitterness that now I shed
O'er hopes of other years.

Could I but feel you loved me still,
That yet to me were given
The vows that at love's altar shrine
Were breathed and sealed in heaven!
Thou art changed—thy words are cold—
And scornful is thine eye;
Thy heart's fond wish is to be free,
E'en though I weep and sigh.

I note the glance within thine eye,
 So passionate, wild, and deep ;
 Thou ne'er hast loved as *I* have loved,
 Else thou could'st not see me weep.
 Well *thou* knowest I ne'er could brook
 The sting thy words now give,
 And though my heart they almost break
 'Twere worse than death to live.

E'en now grief's dark and mighty tide
 Hath o'er my spirit stole ;
 Yet none shall know the sting I bear
 Down in my inmost soul.
 Ah ! like some poor neglected flower
 I can my wound conceal ;
 They shall not know that o'er my soul
 Doubts of thy love doth steal.





THE HINDOO WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

SPEAK words of love, let them sweetly flow
From out thy heart's deep shrine
Pure as incense from the dewy cup
That greeteth the bright sunshine ;
Let the homage of thy heart be given
In ceaseless worshipping ;
Once more to me, thy *once* loved wife,
But now a loveless thing.
O pour the precious treasure out
Which oft thy lips have spoken
In tones of love, O speak again,
Else this poor heart be broken.
The torturing thoughts, the anxious fears,
Have bowed my heart with care ;
I mourn me for the love that once
Made life so bright and fair :
Alas ! a blight so cold, so drear,
Hath fallen on my soul,

This inward pain, without relief,
 Thou only canst control.
Thy cold distrust hath robbed my life
 Of all its warmth and light,
And burning thoughts in anguish roll
 Dark as the Egyptian night.
Thou dost little dream how laden
 Is this heart with love for thee—
Thou who art the sunlight of my life,
 The holiest star that beams for me :
The rich warm depth of my young heart
 Its all of love hath given
To *thee*, who art my morning sun,
 My spirit's gem, my soul's pure heaven.
My heart's deep fount, that kept of old
 Its treasured feelings but for thee,
Is still as pure as when it beat
 For thee in youth so joyously.
Then let me be again thy pride,
 The chosen one all else above ;
And bless me with thy precious faith,
 And breathe again sweet words of love :
Yes, speak in whispers low and sweet,
 Breathe music soft and low,

And may love's flowers in beauty bloom
Like those of long ago.
You cannot tear me from your heart,
For, go where'er you will,
Within the heart which I have grieved
Will dwell mine image still;
And like the diver's treasured pearls,
Ah! dearer far than these,
Will be the echo of my voice
Upon each passing breeze.
Then tear me not from out thy heart,
But let me be to thee
As pure, as bright as ocean shell
E'er was unto the sea :
Yes, let me be as glittering dew
Upon the lovely flowers,
To bless and brighten with my light
This wedded life of ours.
Then take me back unto thy heart,
And never from me roam,
But let the music of my voice
Still cheer thee in thy home.



REVERIES.

FOND memory comes again to-night,
A checkered scene of smiles and tears;
She brings again the shadowy past
Of vanished hopes, of griefs and fears:
Sad from the tomb of buried years
Upon my heart sweet visions burn;
They breathe the same sad mourning notes
Of hopes that never can return.

One by one those visions come,
Breathing sad music on my ear,
And, like some moonlight's fairy spell,
They come my lonely heart to cheer;
They come with notes like angels bright—
Hush! I hear them even now;
I feel again their perfumed breath
Upon my fevered brow.

Their music hath the power to thrill
My heart, all clouded o'er ;
To bring once more in blissful dreams
The notes of long ago :
Yes, memory's voice is whispering low,
A form now floats around
With snowy robes and golden wings,
A brow all brightly crowned.

I see once more his baby form,
His sweet and sunny brow ;
It calms the wildness of my brain,
That beats so madly now :
My heart is like the dying breeze,
It leaves no sound of mirth ;
For, like a faded flower, he lies
Within the cold, damp earth.

Yet on his pure and sainted brow
Beams God's unclouded light ;
He reigns above, with angels pure,
In heaven, where all is bright.
With softened eyes and sunny smiles
I see my child of love ;
He calls me with his silvery voice,
He beckons me above.



TO A WITHERED ROSE.

BEAUTY was thine, poor faded one,
In spring-time's brightest day;
But time, who loved thee but too well,
Hath borne that gift away.
I watched thy leaves unfold to view
Beneath my own sweet clime,
Where not a storm-blast reached thy form,
Or marred a beauty like to thine.

Time passed by; I saw thee fade,
Thou whom I had so cherished;
I missed thee from thy flowery bed;
I knew that thou had perished:
And softly on the evening breeze
That murmuringly passed by
Were whispered words from sister flowers,
Our loved one is not nigh.

No more in beauty wilt thou grow,
Or forth thy sweets diffuse,
But memory oft will cheer my heart
Whene'er on thee I muse.
O never again within the bowers
Will thy fragrance fill the air,
For in a sad and hapless hour
You faded from my care.

Yes, thou art gone, my cherished flower,
Thou bud of richest bloom ;
I murmur in my spirit's depth
When thinking of thy doom.
Thy fairy leaves of richest dye
Were swept by storms away ;
Thy lovely form was crushed and bowed
On a cold autumnal day.





IN MEMORY OF MY LOST DARLING.

A MONG the joys love had brought,
Among the treasures of my heart,
Was *one* that shed a holy spell,
'Twas of my *life itself* a part :
A holy charm to me was given,
A soul was linked unto mine own :
It spoke to me with love's pure breath,
A spell was round me thrown.

My sweetest smiles shone on it,
I watched it bud and bloom,
And not one thought of sadness
E'er filled my heart with gloom :
Ah no! for 'mid love's bowers
He was a priceless gem ;
And oh ! I smiled in gladness,
I was its parent stem.

Like a spirit from some other world,
Like a beam from the upper sphere,
It came so bright, the winsome thing,
To cheer my heart while here :
This gift of mine, Heaven's bright gem,
That filled my soul with joy,
As pure and bright as angels are
Was my darling cherub boy.

I thought not *then* that death's fierce power
Its loveliness could mar ;
I thought not of the fatal sweep
That could its sweets debar :
But oh how changed ! for now I grieve,
And lonely is my heart ;
Ah me ! it was a painful thing
With my sweet child to part.

Oh how I weep in sorrow
To think of Eddie's doom !
My angel one, my darling boy,
Lies in the silent tomb.
I'll see no more his baby face
That my poor hands caressed ;
I'll press no more his lovely head
That nestled on my breast !



TO MY BABY BOY.

CLAP thy hands in childish glee
Amid the summer flowers,
For like sweet sunshine from above
Are thy young infant hours.

Thy lovely face, all smiling now
In happy, thoughtless glee,
Shines with the light of peace and love—
Oh beautiful art thou to me!

Yes, thou art beautiful, angel one,
With voice gay and wild;
With sunny smiles, like moonlit skies,
And brow so pure and mild.

Fair is thy life, O peerless babe,
So innocent and fair;
Like the radiance on the brow of night
Thy face a gleam doth wear.

How sweet you nestle to my breast,
In all thy beauty bright;
How like a star that gleams above
From Eden's golden light.

Sweet solace in my lonely hours,
Thou art my dearest joy;
And to my heart, like stars to-night,
Art thou, my blue-eyed boy.

Thy beauty thrills my soul with joy,
Thou richest gift from Heaven;
All beautiful and bright you come,
To me by seraphs given.

LIFE'S SORROWS.

SURGE upon surge of sorrow rolls
Across the human breast;
On every breeze is borne a sigh,
Blood from each heart is pressed:
Our heart-strings trail through blood and sighs,
No joys our sorrows break;
And ever with wild and doleful groans
We stand the fiery stake.

Life's sweetest ties are ever riven,
Summer's brightest flowers fade;
We writhe in grief and anguish deep
O'er the fate *our* sins have made:
Sad sounds come from our heart's deep chords,
Yet we cling with hopes and fears
To the joyous spring and summer hours,
Made up of smiles and tears.
Yes, soft remembrances ever bring
Sweet relics of the past;
We give our feelings to the hopes
That were not made to last.
No, joys were never made to live,
We all must mourn youth's vanished dream;
We lay our torn hearts in the dust,
Life's joys are but bubbles on the stream.





A SISTER'S ENTREATY.

GAZE on my drooping eye and on my pallid
cheek,

Upon my grief-bowed head ;

Oh murmur sweet words, they 'll ease my heart,

My brightest hopes are dead.

Oh you can lull my soul to rest,

Can ease it of its pain ;

Then let no words of sorrow now

Come in this hour to reign.

All light within my soul is quenched,

I'm tossed on sorrow's sea,

And grief and anguish hover near—

Then cling, oh cling to me.

Now that grief has come to dim

The life that once was bright,

Thy love will come, like radiant stars,

To cheer life's darkest night.

Oh breathe for me thy fondest prayer
That joys may round me beam—
That life may yet hold future hopes
That may around me gleam.
Then leave me not in grief alone,
Such grief my bosom sears ;
My soul is all too full for words,
My heart too dead for tears.
You bid my heart again be filled
With the hopes of other years—
How can I still this throbbing breast,
How check these bitter tears ?

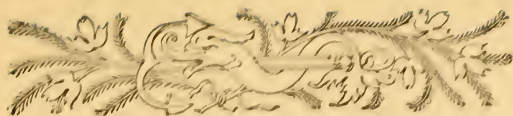
LITTLE EDDIE.

OFt in dreams thou com'st to cheer me,
Cleansed from every earthly stain ;
O thou white-browed angel baby,
Thus I see thee once again.
Thou art ever hovering near me,
Tones long hushed are heard again ;
And my sorrowing heart rejoices
As I hear thy heavenly strain.

Yes, I see thee, angel Eddie,
 Hovering, saint-like, round my bed,
Singing songs low, soft, and plaintive
 Of my loved and early dead.
Thou art from that spirit land—
 Pure and bright from Eden's throne—
You left me, darling, in grief and tears,
 All weary and alone.

You tell me of the joys that wait me
 In that happy spirit land—
Of the sweet and gentle voices
 Of the glad and happy band.
Sweet music from thy lips is gushing
 Like the wind-harp's plaintive tune—
Like breezes when the soft winds sigheth
 O'er its strings in flowery June.

I weep that thou wert early called
 In thy young May's sweet bloom;
Thou wert my heart's deep hope and pride,
 For early was thy doom.
O loved and mourned, I see thee now
 In that bright spirit land;
Sweet music from thy lips is gushing
 With those of Eden's band.



TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER, ROBBIE LEE.

THOU art my heart's fond treasure,
Robbie, my queen—
With brow pure as snowflakes,
Eyes like stars, I ween ;
Hair like threads of shining gold,
Lips like coral from the sea—
Thy cheeks are like the bloom of the rose,
Beautiful Robbie Lee.

Thou art a child of beauty bright,
Robbie, my star—
That witching smile, those eyes so dark,
Are like an angel's from afar :
Thou art the child of light and love,
The loveliest gem I see,
All fresh from skies divinely fair,
Beautiful Robbie Lee.

Thou hath my soul with rapture filled,
Robbie, my gay—
The sweetest one among life's flowers
That blooms along my way :
Thou hath made this world a paradise
Since thou wert given to me,
And every day brings new delight,
Beautiful Robbie Lee.

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

I HEAR a spirit voice
Murmuring by ;
Soft lights are streaming
In memory's azure sky :
That voice so sweet
A gladness tells,
Freed from this world of pain
In heaven dwells.

Though reft of brightest gleamings,
Poor heart,
Still that spirit voice
A joy doth impart ;

Purest, brightest, holiest hopes
Bloom for thee,
Speaking from those worlds of light
To hearts silently.

TO LAURA

ON THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE SISTER.

THY heart is sad, sweet Laura,
Dark thoughts thy soul doth fill,
And the heavy waves of sorrow
Doth dwell within thee still.

I know thy young thoughts wander
To the little one now gone,
And with many dear rememberings
Of joys just in their dawn.

You cannot check the bitter tears
For her whose life is gone ;
You miss the smiles, forever fled,
Of her, thy gentle one.

Yes, thou art thinking all the time
Of that sweet angel child
Who shed delight unto thy heart
Whene'er on thee it smiled.

She was thy pet, this darling babe,
This precious little pearl—
This wondrous gift, by angels sent
To dwell in this cold world.

But God hath taken the little flower,
And you your gem hath lost ;
But grieve not, Laura, it is spared
The cold world's blighting frost.

No, weep not for the precious jewel
That graced your home whilst here,
For though amid the angel band,
Her spirit is ever near.





OH! GIVE ME BACK MY YOUTH AGAIN.

OH! give me back my youth again,
With all its joy, its grief, and pain;
Yes, give me back those happy hours,
Again a child among the flowers.
My youth! it comes like thoughts of heaven,
'Tis painted on the sky of even,
And friends, and joy, and hope are mine,
For holy thoughts around me shine.
My heart, all fraught with memory's hue,
Brings back the past again to view,
And life is filled with pleasant dreams
Too bright for aught save happy themes.
Oh! give me back my youth again,
Hallowed for its every pain—
Let scenes once more before mine eye
Be fresh as "warm reality."
In hours when tender thoughts of thee,
Sweet youth, comes o'er my memory,

Those mingled hours of joy and pain
Will wake me to sweet life again.
To dream those happy dreams so fair
Memory's last soft touch she places there,
And oh! what feelings will come o'er
The heart when living in the past once more.
Bright hours that all too quickly flew
Return once more and weave anew
Those broken links in memory's chain
That *I* may be a child again.
Let memory's treasures still be mine,
Those jewels from the heart's deep shrine,
And brightly through long vanished years
Will come sweet childhood's smiles and tears.
Within my heart I've reared a throne,
Fond memory hath made it all her own;
And sweeter than the flowers of early spring
Are the buds from memory's blossoming.
Memories of other days, once more ye bring
Scenes round which my heart doth cling,
And from the wreath of childhood's love
Ye cometh like some lonely dove.
And when within this heart of gloom,
Where withered hopes no more may bloom,

Will bud sweet flowers on memory's shore
Of the happy days that come no more :
Though clouds may sometimes cross my sky
And sorrow's tear may dim mine eye,
Yet memory's star, so pure and bright,
Shall gild with joy my darkest night.

IN MEMORY OF OUR GALLANT DEAD.

FONDLY from my heart's deep chords I'll sing
Of the noble and the brave—
Of glory's torch, and freedom's star,
That shines o'er the soldier's grave.

A song I'll sing of the sunny South,
Of our noble warriors slain,
Who oft hath heard the battle shout
Upon each bloody plain.

'Tis here our brave and gallant boys,
Of high and gentle birth,
Went forth against the vandal force
To win or strew the earth.

Yes, here in my own sunny South
Is many a lonely mound—
Oh! precious is each resting place—
To *me* 'tis *sacred* ground.

They breathed away life's lingering sigh—
Oh! bravely did they toil—
Their lives were freely, nobly given,
To free their native soil.

Away in dear Virginia's valley
Our heroes unawakened sleep:
Brave hearts! they faced the storm of death
As on each foe they 'd sweep.

Amid the din and roar of battle
The noblest of our land were found,
As o'er the purple-mantled hills
Their life-blood dyed the ground.

Here our banners' folds were borne,
As a symbol of that power,
Whose sheltering wings should shield our homes
In freedom's happy hour.

But it has passed, the storm is o'er,
No more their voices rend the air;
The grave now shields each manly breast,
They 'll dream no more of grief and care.

Within their graves they sweetly sleep,
They hear no more the battle's roar;
They 'll hear no more the tyrant's tread,
Nor feel his power more.

Oh never shall their noble pride
E'er bend the conquered knee,
For cold in death are those brave hearts,
Proud sons of liberty.

Yet round their dear and cherished deeds
Are clouds of living fame;
Each deed on history's spotless page
Will brighten at their name.

Round their names, like heaven, is bent
The light of endless power,
Which glowing bright with quenchless flame
In the dark avenging hour.

Then rest, brave boys, ye gallant dead,
Oh bravely did ye toil;
Your lives were freely, nobly given,
To free your native soil.

YOU BID ME GO WITH WORDS OF SCORN.

YOU bid me go with words of scorn—
Thou hast my heart bereaved;
My brightest hopes must find a tomb
In the heart thou hast deceived.
Oh! we have had some happy hours,
Sweet in their fancied light,
But they have fled, those golden hours,
Far in the noon of night.

Our young love in its early morn
With joy and bliss was rife;
Ah! a *brighter* dream we'll never know,
It was our strength and life:
It told of hopes and joys to come
On wings of peace and love—
Hopes that knew no withering breath,
But bloomed in beauty above.

But it hath passed, there comes no light
To my unfathomed soul—
Each dream hath fled, and anguish deep
Hath on my spirit stole.
You bid me go! can you forget
Those happy dreams of bliss
That bade our hearts with hope rejoice
Mid a world of care like this?

Ah! tell me not thou canst forget
Those happy days gone by;
The joys that lulled our youthful breasts
Will to each throb reply.
Fare-thee-well! each hope hath vanished;
Soon the buds of love shall fade;
Yet may blessings rest upon thee,
Though thy love is now decayed.





IN MEMORY OF JAMES W. BOWIE.

WRITTEN AT A FRIEND'S REQUEST.

PRECIOUS is each thought of thee,
Friend and comrade dear ;
And soothing to my heart has been
Each sad and silent tear.
My comrade, O my comrade dear,
How dear thou wert to me !
In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
My heart still turns to thee ;
Ah ! memory fondly wanders back,
And dwells mid gushing tears
Upon thy short, sad, hapless life,
Thy few sad, changing years.
The music of thy manly voice
Breathed ever at one's will ;
Each tone was full of melody
Our hearts with love to fill :

Thy deeds have gained a lofty name—
Oh long will they endure—
And soothingly 'twill greet my ear
To hear of one so true.
But thou art gone—no stranger's tread
Steps near thy resting place;
You fell beneath the bayonet's gleam,
An honor to thy race.
Although no stone may mark the spot
Where lonely sleeps the brave,
Thy mighty deeds shall ever live,
Thy glory hath no grave.
But thou art gone, like fading stars
That take their wings of flight,
Ere from the darkened brow of heaven
They pale and sink in night.
Then fare-thee-well, my comrade true,
O comrade strong and brave—
I'll love and guard with anxious care
Thy sad and lonely grave.





TO A WILD FLOWER.

HOW sweetly blooms this lovely flower
That came with spring to me—
It brings to me sweet, happy thoughts,
Of days that used to be.

I found it in yon shady dell,
Near by the moonlit grove,
Where no mingled prints of childish feet
E'er come in joy to rove.

How like a gleam of hope it shines,
In all its beauty wild,
As bearing its sweet incense up,
So pure and without guile.

Oh it is beautiful! every bud
Seems some gentle fairy's home;
E'en the silver star-beams love it well
From their bright, mysterious dome.

Bright is this flower that blossoms wild
Amid the gay spring hours,
With leaves and buds too fair to fade
With its frail sister flowers.

Fit emblem for the early dead,
Thou gem so sweet and mild,
As, glittering with the dew of morn,
Each sunbeam on thee smiled.

Then bloom, thou bright and lovely one,
Amid the woodland bowers ;
Thou art too bright and fair to fade
With thy frail sister flowers.

LINES.

THEY try to teach me to forget
The constant love of yore ;
They bid me cast thee from my heart ;
I only love thee more.

They bid me seek in festal halls
The joys of long ago ;
They little dream *no* joy can light
The depth of my sad woe.

They tell me that thy heart is stone,
Thy love for me is o'er;
That hopes I knew in other years
Thou never canst restore.

Their words I scorn, I listen not,
For in fond memory's ear
There comes again, in accents sweet,
Thy voice of love to cheer.

Yes, in thy soul my image reigns,
My life thy being doth pervade;
Our hearts shall blend with mightier love
E'en when life's morn shall fade.

TO LITTLE JOHNNY.

I NE'ER have gazed upon thy face,
Thou child of beauty rare—
Ne'er heard thy silvery, flute-like tone,
Nor pressed thy brow so fair.

I ne'er have seen the gentle smile
That wreathes thy infant face—
Thy dimpled cheeks and azure eyes,
All marked with winning grace.

And yet I love thee, darling one,
Love thee fond and well ;
I long to clasp thee to my heart,
Sweet baby, there to dwell.

My heart doth for thy presence yearn,
For smile and soft caress—
And though this blessing may ne'er be mine
I will not love thee less.

Oh may thy tender infant mind
Receive the seeds of truth,
That they may yield their fragrance in
The early dawn of youth.

MY BABY'S GRAVE.

FAR away in my own native home
Is hid a baby face,
Where waving flowers in beauty bloom
Above his resting-place.
My angel boy like flowers of earth
Drooped but to bloom again ;
His gentle spirit has sought that clime
Where all are free from pain.

He seemeth near, yet he is gone—
Gone with his looks of love—
Yet he will be a link to me
In the chain of light above.
I should not mourn that he is gone
From this dark world of pain,
But *kiss the hand* that deeply made
My loss to be his gain.
Yet would that I were near that spot
Where, 'neath the moonlit heaven,
Is laid to rest my cherub boy,
That place to memory given.
There, on the sad, sad, whispering breeze
Comes the perfume of sweet flowers,
Sad emblems of the joys and hopes
That crowned his baby hours.
Ah! from that sweet and sacred spot,
From that dear little tomb,
Could I but cull one single bud—
Just one—in its sweet bloom;
Could I but kneel by that loved grave,
Near by my frosted flower,
And breathe once more, mid gushing tears,
A prayer for strengthening power!

It may not be—and yet my babe,
 With eyes all full of love,
Is hovering ever round me here
 From yon bright home above.
I'll crush the grief within my heart,
 I'll check the rising tear—
It brings not back the hopes that were,
 Nor joys that once were dear.
I'll cast the gloom from off my brow,
 I'll hide all grief and care ;
I'll look to *Heaven* for strength and light,
 My angel boy is *there*.
In that heaven, that glorious world,
 Where grief and tears are o'er,
I'll dwell in peace and happiness
 With Eddie, on Eden's shore.





OH! WOULD THAT WE HAD NEVER MET

OH! would that we had never met,
Since we are doomed to part;
And yet the memory of the past
Will live within my heart.

The thoughts of all thy tender words
Are lingering with me yet;
I feel thy glance, so full of love,
Ah! how can I forget!

Oh! thou didst shed such gladness
Upon my lonely heart—
But now my soul with grief is wrung
To know that we must part.

Had we but met in other years,
When thou and I were free,
'Twould not have harmed for me to feel
I was beloved of thee.

But bitter is the thought to me
That another shares thy heart ;
I'll drown in tears a life of pain,
And live life's bitter part.

Oh ! shall we ever meet again
As we last fondly met—
Say, do you deem it all too soon
To let the heart forget ?

Ah ! do not let *all* thoughts of me
From out thy soul depart,
But let me share with her you love
A place within thy heart.

Thy memory still within *my* mind
Will hold its sweetest power,
Recalling form, sweet looks, and tones
Given in love's own hour.





TO MY COUSIN, CAPT. J. D. BRANDON.

THESE buds I send from "Memory's Wreath"
Were culled in days gone by,
When golden hopes serenely glowed,
A rainbow in the sky.

They 'll bring to mind the days of old,
They 'll bid old memories start;
Then hold them as a link between
Thy past and my lone heart.

Oh let them still within thy heart
Retain a magic power;
They yet conceal a rich perfume
That tells thee of the flower.

And yet, though time has dimmed their sheen,
And robbed them of their gold,
Oh hold them in affection's guise,
Beautiful still, as in days of old.

Yes, faded is my glorious wreath,
It drooped 'neath sorrow's wing;
Yet from the buds and withered leaves
Let happy memories spring.

Though of its bloom it is bereft—
Its buds no longer gay—
The *fragrance* still may prove a joy,
A solitary ray.

Then let them in thy memory bloom,
They'll bid old memories start;
Tears fell upon each blossom pale—
O lay them on thy heart!

THAT OLDEN SONG.

O sing once more that olden song,
Its strains my heart doth cheer;
For gloomy clouds hang o'er my way,
My soul is dark and drear.

Sweet thoughts of old, like pilgrims, throng
While listening to thy strain,
And midst the tempest of my grief
It charms my weary brain.

That song! it has one Eden spot
To cheer life's bitter stream—
It has the blessed power to wake
My soul from sorrow's dream.

Then let each thrilling note gush forth,
Let joy again re-bloom;
Yes, let that song of olden days
Spring forth from memory's tomb.

OH! WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

O^H! would I were a child again,
With heart untouched by sorrow's blight;
To tread once more in childish glee
Life's happy way with spirits light.
Bright were those days, O childhood free,
When hope, with fair and potent wand,
Made all things bright as sapphire's hue,
And made my heart with bliss expand.

In that sweet time, bright childhood's hour,
No gloomy doubts my heart oppressed;
And beauty in a thousand forms
Made bright elysium of my breast.

Ah! childhood's woof was passing fair
In those sweet days of yore ;
Then would I were a child again,
With the hopes I felt before.

Yes, would I were a child again,
With happy dreams and cheerful heart,
To feel again each hope and joy
Of young life's happy part.
O faded light! O joyous hours!
Bright star upon the wave of life!
I'll ever bear them in my lonely heart
As a charm mid the dark world's strife.

O for the happy smiles of yore
That blessed those golden hours,
And for the scenes with blessings fraught
Amid youth's early flowers!
But they are gone, sweet childhood days,
They held their bright delusive reign ;
My saddened spirit now wakes to know
They ne'er can be restored again.



A PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR MY LITTLE ONES.

WE come to thee, O Saviour,
And on the bended knee
We ask thy kind protection,
Our hearts from sin set free :
Look down whilst we are kneeling
All sad before thy throne ;
Enfold us with thy mercy,
Thou great and glorious one.

We come to thee as suppliants now—
A youthful, sinful band—
We kneel, a blessing to receive
From God our father's hand.
O bless us now as thus we kneel,
And hear each youthful prayer,
That we in holiness may dwell
In heaven, where angels are.

Lord, let thy love surround us
With pure and strengthening light—
Let dangers, woe, and suffering
Our paths no more benight;
Fill our hearts with love for thee,
And Oh! our sins forgive;
One God to own, one power to feel
That we with *Thee* may live.

We hear Thy precious blood was shed
To cleanse us from all sin;
Then wash us white within that blood
That Christ may reign within:
Let our souls with *Thee* be filled,
Shine *Thou* with gladdening ray,
That we may reign with Thee on high
When life has passed away.





AUTUMN LEAVES.

I WATCH the leaves fall sad and drear,
Memorial of gay summer hours ;
The cool winds come with chilling breath
To blight the few sweet blossomed flowers.

Each leaf droops in its bower of green
And with mournful glory falls,
And like voices from some distant shore
Echoing tones from childhood's halls.

Each yellow leaf, as borne by chilling gales,
Falls on the dimpled waves,
And trills sweetly in its dazzling flow
As the jewelled sands the water laves.

I hear each note of the lonely bird,
Alone her song she weaves,
For drooping she sits within the bowers
Of sad autumn's withered leaves.

And 'tis ever thus along life's way
I watch its cherished flowers,
That withering hang, all sad and drear,
'Neath the wing of bitter hours.

LITTLE NELL.

O LAY her to rest where the violets grow,
Let the green grass over her wave;
Where the gay bright flowers earliest bloom,
O make ye there her grave!

Where the bright stars gem the sky of even,
Where the meadow streamlets flow,
All fearless of blight and withering,
Let her sweetly sleep below.

Lay her where the wild birds sing
Above her lonely grave,
Where lilies and blue-bells deck the plain,
And the cypress loves to wave.

There lay her in the silent tomb
In all her youthful loveliness ;
She has gone to her home beyond the skies,
No more our sorrowing hearts to bless.

Forever are those fringed orbs closed,
Hushed the voice we loved so well ;
Sad the hopeless yearnings for one we love,
Who never more with us may dwell.

Angels guided her through death's dark night
To Him who alone His lambs can bless ;
A blight on our fairest hopes has come,
Yet He will not leave us comfortless.

He will give us strength to bear our grief,
Will wipe away each bitter tear,
Will light with hope the dismal tomb
To soothe the pangs of parting here.

Then lay her to rest where the violets grow,
Let the green grass o'er her wave ;
Where the gay bright flowers earliest bloom,
O make ye there her grave !



OH! WOULD THAT I COULD CRUSH THE
GRIEF.

O H! would that I could crush the grief
That fills my lonely heart!
Could check each hot and blinding tear
That will unbidden start:
The cherished hopes once dearly prized
Are wrecks decaying on the shore;
The waves of sorrow cast each fragment there
With all the beauty once they wore.
Even in my hours of wakeful dreams
Sad disappointment sinks my soul,
And round my wild and restless heart
Grief wields its stern control.
I try each cankering care to crush,
Still dark thoughts around me throng;
I sink beneath sad fortune's blow—
O God! who can be strong?

Then, tired of earth and all its woe,
Of life's deceitful happiness,
I'll seek the unfading joys of heaven,
I'll dream no more of earthly bliss.
Son of God, give me that strength divine
Such as to thee was given;
Teach me to quell each passion wild;
O fit my soul for heaven!

TO MY BROTHER.

O! slowly, sadly falls the sigh,
Fraught with grief and tears,
And wearily the hours waste away
To join those of departed years.
Slow and sad each day goes by,
Bearing the voice of mirth away,
Leaving me here in grief to pine
Until the dawn of a brighter day.

Time, unmindful of hearts that thrill—
Tears from eyes that wildly weep—
Sweeps on amid his reckless course,
Leaving each heart its own to keep.

Sunk in the wintry storm of care,
Like leaves torn from the fragrant tree,
Is my poor heart here left to mourn,
Filled with grief for thee.

To give thee up caused bitter tears,
And made my bosom heave and swell;
The crushing weight, with all its pain,
Was felt in our sad farewell.
But hope, with all her magic power,
Came for awhile my heart to cheer,
Telling me thou wouldst come again
With me life's joys to share.

But time bereft my trusting heart
Of hopes that once were dear,
And sadness still my days beguile—
Thou art still away, thou art not *here*.
Yes, sorrow o'er my soul still reigns—
Grief's silent shadow veils my brow—
The voice of friends my sorrows may not break—
Why dost thou linger—where art thou now?



MY WOODLAND HOME.

DEAR is my own sweet woodland home
When spring awakes to beauty and bloom ;
Where dewdrops besprinkle their blossoms of love,
And the heavens flash brightly through the gloom.
There soft blows the wind, and fresh from the lea
Swells in low liquid numbers the streamlet's sweet
song ;
The clear silvery tone of the murmuring tide
Chants sweet music as it dashes along.
Near by my own sweet woodland home
Bright leaves quiver to and fro,
And I listen for hours in calm delight
To the sighing winds so soft and low.
There the breeze rises with rustling swell ;
Mournfully it comes through the pines on the hill ;
And through the tall branches, all gleaming and
bright,
Comes the pale evening star with its beauty to
thrill.

'Tis there the flowers are richest in bloom,
 There the sun shines brightest above ;
While Nature, all dressed in her loveliest garb,
 Ever wears smiles of joy and love.

I love the flowers that early bloom
 Down where the swaying willows dip—
Where the birds flit forth from spray to tree,
 Or gently bathe from the fountain's lip.

Then to my own dear home I'll go—
 Again through the woodlands I will roam,
To hear once more the gay birds' notes,
 To be where wild flowers have their home.

TO IRENE.

I DREAM of thee, darling,
 When all the earth is with beauty rife,
When lovely flowers awake to life,
And every heart with joy is blithe,
 I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, darling,
When gales come breathing from the rosy west,
When joy hath lulled my heart to rest,
When stars gleam in the midnight sky,
And the waters murmur sweet melody ;
When my lonely spirit wakes to know
Life's vanities and all its woe,
Darling, I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, darling,
When silently I muse on the long ago,
Recalling notes soft and low
Of friends who have joined the sainted band
Waiting for us in Eden's land—
Then I dream of thee.

TO IDA BELL.

I TWINE for thee a garland fair
Made up of leaflets bright—
No canker worm is feasting there
Its loveliness to blight :
Upon each bud of beauty rare,
Upon each blossom gay,

Is breathed for thee a prayer of love
No time can e'er decay.
Oh! may those flowers of richest bloom
Breathe forth a semblance fair—
May thy young life of beauty's mould
Ne'er know one hour of care.
Yes, may'st thou in thine early morn
Be like these flowers fair,
Nor rest upon thy pure white brow
One canker-worm of care.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS PRAYING
BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

O FATHER! still thou this fell despair
That swells my tortured breast:
O let me sleep, for we all must sleep
In death's unbroken rest.
O draw me from my grief away—
Help me to meet my doom;
Each day but adds its weight of grief—
The *best* has *fled*, the worst has yet to come:

What hopes, what joys have fled away
To slumber in the happy past !
Yet o'er life's fragments tremble still
Memories of joys that could not last ;
On my heart Grief's hand is pressing—
Life's brightest flowers are faded ;
I weep from the depths of my desert soul
O'er hopes forever shaded ;
To my soul there comes a yearning
For the joys forever flown ;
My heart is filled with burning tears
For the happy past, now gone.
Oh! in this dark and stormy hour
Hear *Thou* my fervent prayer ;
Let faith give sweet tranquillity
From thy pure presence *there*.
Soothe this heart of all its fears—
Oh! dry my weeping eye :
I plead! O Heaven, in mercy hear
My anxious, fervent cry.





CARRIERS' ADDRESS FOR THE NEW
YEAR, 1871.

I BRING sweet hopes for our sorrowing land,
Sweet music tones from a loyal band :
Each heart now drinks of its fiery breath
As they strive to wear the living wreath ;
Each pulse of their spirit with freedom swells—
Born of the soul, in each fibre it dwells.
Ah ! the waving wing of Democracy's band
Is sweeping the air of our Southern land ;
The air is burdened with Freedom's sweet breath,
No echo comes from the Radical's death—
For a withering *blast* and a mildew blight
Hath covered their life in *blackest* night.
There are buds, bright buds, in the New-year's
wreath—
Let our souls be thrilled with their perfumed breath,
And the balmy scent which their petals fling
Will soothe our souls like the air of spring.

Oh! sorrowing land, let us pause and think—
Let *Freedom* glide through each glowing link ;
Yes, pause and grasp bright Freedom's flowers,
Fresh from Democracy's loyal bowers.
Heed my words and yet closer throng
Around the *right* in this land of song :
Our life's fair page with grief is spread,
With *ghosts from the past* and tones from the dead,
Our country's good! what it speaks shall not we?
For buds of *hope* on its brow we see,
And *those* hopes to us are given,
Telling us of the *justice of Heaven*.
Then why grieve? with *vain doubts* away—
There dawns for us a brighter day :
Though our hearts *now* heave 'neath the fiery pall,
Sweet notes from Freedom's music fall :
Then take my greeting, O much loved land!
Remain *forever* an unbroken band ;
Let a glorious calm o'er each heart be cast,
A day of joy will come at last.





THE GREEK GIRL'S MUSINGS.

WHAT is life to this wrecked heart—
What to my soul the yearning for that “long
ago”

When *I* in ecstacy could soar to Eden's gate
Inspired by love's own spell? Alas! those hosts
of blessed memories,

That wove a wild fantastic dream about my young
life,

Will come again no more, weaving a glad and
happy measure

Responsive to my poor heart's accordant beat.

More pure than Alpine snows was my young life
Ere *thou* with poisonous breath breathed upon the
Ermine of my soul! But withering now hang life's
Cherished gems beneath the wing of bitter hours,
While deep in my inmost soul are set the serpent's
fangs.

Deep is my anguish, O God! and wrecked is this
proud heart—

The heart that beats with a wronged woman's
power!

Oh! I have loved with a deep idolatry: my life
has poured

Its *very* essence at his feet—'twas *his*, *all his*—
An hundred lives blended into one.

Father! search *thou* my deep, unquiet heart,
And soothe it in its agony. *Thou* knowest
How much of sorrow, grief, and shame my young
life

Has had to bear from *him* who should have held
me up

With hand and heart. 'Tis over now—

The sharpest pang is over, and I must tread
Alone life's weary way: o'er my heart the iron years
Must pass wearily and slow.

The past! It never more may come, for shame hath
Stained my lofty name, and gone are the lights
whose lustre gave

A radiant glory to dreams now fled.

Life! with all its poetry of youth—

The joy of existence—*lost for evermore!*

While year after year fills the soul with their dark
weight,

Bearing like a dim funeral torch each hope
To the dark grave below.

Poor heart! call cold indifference to thy aid,
And forth into the world amid the thoughtless
crowd

Bear thy secret with thee.

'Tis a fearful task the heart's wild grief to chain,
To hush the deep gush of sorrow, and silently
Its swift current to still; to feel and know
The heart is breaking, yet "breakingly lives on."

Oh! what human sight can pierce

That darkness, deeper than the darkest night,

Which o'ershadows misery's child?

Yet it has passed: I mourn a radiant star forever
gone,

And reft of its bright gleamings; I weep

Above my lone spirit's silent gloom:

Each string of my heart's deep chords that swelled
With memories of the past hath burst upon its lyre,
And mournfully it echoes its own sad tones

In sorrow's darkest hour.



LINES ON LEAVING HOME.

'TIS midnight, the lamp burns low,
I watch its fading light;
As dies its rays amid the gloom
A tear bedims my sight:
'Tis one I should not blush to shed,
It tells of a happy day,
Of holy hours and joyous scenes
That cheered my lonely way.

A sorrow rests within my heart,
Fled are those dreams so pure,
For I must break the silken cord,
Must speak the sad adieu.
Why should I dread the cruel fate
That flings my joy to earth?
My lonely thoughts will ever dwell
'Mid scenes of gladsome mirth.

There's one whose form will ever serve
To light me on my way;
In all her magic beauty rise
Like yon bright orb of day:
And when, amidst the busy throng,
My spirit feels its grief,
I'll turn me to sweet thoughts of her
And find a sweet relief.

And there are other loved ones still
To whom my thoughts are given—
The comrades of my early years—
Ties never to be riven:
And through the darkness of the past
One thought I'll give them yet;
Like the spirit of sweet beauty lost
Their love I'll ne'er forget.





CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS is here, yet it brings no joy
To my poor lonely heart:

Oh! heavy is the shadow passing o'er me,
For we are still apart.

The sickness of hope too long deferred
Doth longest haunt the heart—
It comes with grief and anguish laden,
Crushing the soul's divinest part.

Such grief to-night is flitting o'er me,
Woe's shades are falling fast;
Old memories, whose music is undying,
Brings back again the past.
This hopeless watching for thee, mine own—
Oh! watching, alas! in vain—
Who can calm this heart's deep agony!
Thou ne'er wilt come again.

Our little ones are mad with joy,
Their dear eyes dance with glee;
They bid me join them in their sports—
Alas! my heart's with thee.

Our baby boy with tones of love
Bids me look and see
How some fairy's hand with magic touch
Hath decked the Christmas tree.

I hear each little voice murm'ring soft
Around the Christmas bowers,
And yet my lone heart feels its grief
Among our earthly flowers.

They are happy, they know no pain,
No joys, forever flown;
To *them* this life is all sunshine,
They do not *feel* alone.

Yet I would ever have them gay,
Like the music breathing sea;
I'd have their young hearts ever swept
By notes of childish glee.
Yet there comes no joy to cheer
This sad and lonely heart;
Oh! heavy is the shadow passing o'er me,
For we are still apart.



LINES.

DO you ever think of me
In thy home far, far away—
Do dreams of me e'er fling
Their brightness round thy way—
Does memory ever o'er thy heart
Its buds of perfume throw—
Do joys of other happier years
In sunlit beauty glow?

Dost ever come my low, sad tones
Like music on thine ear,
With strange sweet influence to sustain
Thy lonely heart, thy spirit cheer?
Dost wait and wait in vain
For *me* thou lovest so well,
Then sadly and mournfully turn away
With thy lone thoughts to dwell?

O let my spirit, brightly gleaming,
Come thy weary heart to bless ;
One single ray may cheer thy life,
And lull thy soul's unrest ;
Let thoughts of me *thy* spirit sweep,
Soft as summer sea ;
While in dark hours of loneliness
This heart will turn to *thee*.

TO MY FATHER.

THY noble form with age is bowed,
Dim is now thine eye ;
Whilst o'er thy brow the iron years
Are like shadows passing by :
Thy locks, all frosted o'er with age,
Hath stood life's rushing blast,
And never can time's surging waves
Bring back again the past.

Years pass on—you soon must go,
With others gone before,
To join the loved of other years
On the dim eternal shore :

Yes, life's mighty tide is rushing fast,
Thy race will soon be run ;
Oh ! may I know upon thy brow
Will rest God's glorious sun.

Thou art the falling leaf in Nature's bower,
Life seems to thee less glad ;
For time and change, with ceaseless flow,
"Makes hearts lose joys that once they had."

BLIND WILLIE'S DREAM.

LAST night I had a dream, Mother,
Of that glorious Eden world,
Where star-eyed angels round the throne
Their golden wings unfurled.
'Twas there I saw bright flowers, Mother,
And heard sweet waters play ;
No storms the fair bright blossoms blight,
Spring *reigns one* unending day.
In heaven 'tis one long, deep delight,
And by the flowing tide
I wish my home might be forever,
Where God's own fountains glide.

I saw sweet Genie again, dear Mother,
With eyes so purely bright;
While on her fair and childish brow
Beamed peace and holy light.

I dreamed that she with gentle touch
Her arms around me wound—
My head upon her heart was pressed—
I had my Genie found.

Ah! it was but a dream, Mother,
Again on earth's dull shore
My weary steps must sadly tread—
I'm blind for evermore.





I GIVE THEE BACK THY FAITHLESS
HEART.

I GIVE thee back thy faithless heart,
Of it I claim no share ;
Dimmed is the glory of life's star,
Perished are hopes that were.

Alas ! this fond heart never dreamed
Those hopes would e'er be gone ;
That clouds would come in fearful gloom
To shroud them in their dawn.

But *sin* hath thy young manhood marred,
Thy morning's flush hath faded,
And dimmed the radiance of a star
That once *my life* pervaded.

The roses of my life are gone,
This heart thou hast betrayed ;
No sunshine can their bloom restore,
Affection's buds are all decayed.

From out this sad and ruined heart,
Where youthful hopes decay,
Will beam no more joy's beacon light,
Its rays have fled away.

Yes, my glorious dream is broken,
Thy hand my misery wrought ;
A worn and *broken* heart I bear—
E'en *that* could move thee not.

Thy children's tears were vainly shed,
And *still* their cheeks are wet ;
How couldst thou crush with "*iron paw*"
Hearts that are bleeding yet !

Farewell ! this wrecked heart must brave
Sad disappointment and despair,
Which but for thee bright hopes might cull
To bloom and blossom there.





THE WEARY DAY HAS PASSED AND
GONE.

THE weary day has passed and gone,
While shadows dark and drear
Have crept around my lonely heart,
For thou, love, art not here.
I miss thee in my lonely hours,
I sigh for thy dear face ;
For well I know thy presence, love,
Would each dull care erase.

I miss thy gentle smile, love,
Thy voice of sweetest tone ;
The voice that ere in joy or grief
Respondeth to mine own.
I miss the kind and gentle words
That moved me like a spell ;
The smiles that beamed within thine eye :
Their power I knoweth well.

My heart is bowed with sorrow deep,
It throbs in joyless numbers ;
And, like the mourner bowed in prayer,
My soul in hope ne'er slumbers.
Through the night air comes thy voice,
It brings sweet words to me ;
That voice, it falls upon my ear,
Like some low sweet melody.

Softly they come, those low deep tones,
Like sweetest strains now stealing ;
A joy now in my bosom reigns,
A joy of purest feeling ;
Thy looks of love again I see,
And truant fancy now doth stray
Back to those joyous, happy hours
When we were light and gay.

Ah ! well I know thy generous heart
Sends back its thoughts to me,
And with *that* thought I'll close my eyes,
And fondly dream of thee.
Strong is the heart that 's bound to thee,
Pure is the love I've given ;
And all the vows I pledged to thee
Are registered in heaven.

Love's torch was lit with feelings pure,
And long as life's brief lamp shall burn
Will this fond heart with joy recall
Days that never may return.
Those happy scenes, those joyous hours,
They linger with me yet,
And, like some far-off mournful strain,
Its tones I'll ne'er forget.

DEAR ARE THE SCENES OF MY CHILD-
HOOD'S HOME.

DEAR are the scenes of my childhood's home—
The sunny glade, the flowery dell—
They have the blessed power to thrill
My heart with love's own spell.
Fond memory now doth send a glance
Upon the cherished scenes of home,
And to each soft and joyous note
Is breathed sweet echoes of mine own.
Visions of home! borne on Memory's wing
My spirit's depths can swiftly thrill,

While o'er my soul soft music pours,
Like heart-chord notes that echo still.
Yes, mournfully they touch my every chord,
Recalling scenes once dearly prized—
Bringing once more, in blissful *dreams*,
Hopes never again to be realized.

FADED HOPES.

LIKE fallen leaves from wasted flowers,
Drooping and pale, each hope is dying;
Each gem from the string of former joys
Passeth like a breeze in its own sad sighing
Time hath plucked each leaflet bright,
Flowers of hope so bright and fair,
Like the checkered shades of my sad life,
They are scattered everywhere.

Those hopes were mirrored like rainbow dyes,
All radiant like the hues of morn;
Each leaflet stole the glowing tints of heaven,
Like soft veiled rose-clouds floating on.

But now I mourn those hopes departed,
I gaze upon the past with pain ;
Yet oft is memory thrilled and stirred
In living o'er those dreams again.

Yes, often o'er my soul there comes
A memory of those vanished dreams ;
I bless them for their precious light
As each in softness gleams.
I would that they had never died,
Those golden dreams of old—
Those treasures bright, those jewels fair,
Hid in my heart's deep fold.

My heart is oft with sorrow fraught,
The future brings no light ;
With eyes bedimmed with many a tear,
I sigh for hopes once bright.
O for one pure unwavering beam
My lonely path to cheer—
For one bright star in coming years
To light my pathway drear.



I AM ALONE.

I AM alone—no more you'll come
My weary heart to cheer;
Life's storms are near, I feel them now—
Oh! would that thou wert here.
I am alone—grief's clouds now frown
Across life's youthful sea;
All hope hath fled on wings away,
No joy is there for me.

I am alone—no star of hope
Shines o'er my lonely way,
For threatening waves around me roar,
Its tides my soul obey.
My steps grow heavier day by day,
And paler grows my cheek;
Great the load my heart doth wear,
Its grief I cannot speak.

None may know the mighty woe
That rends my tortured soul—
How all the joys that *once* were mine
Are gone beyond control.
Then let my spirit find at last
That peace by angels given ;
Let this aching heart be filled
With *unfading hopes of heaven.*

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

ALAS! thy little one has fled! Oh! the darkened
days
That came upon thee when Maggie died! She left
thee here
To tread alone life's weary way, without her smiles
Thy heart to cheer. Alas! the days are dark,
The nights are drear, each moment has its pangs
No time can heal, and like a shipwrecked bark
Thou driftest upon life's sea. How pure and bright
thy cherub was!
How deep within thy heart of hearts,
Her image lay! And oh! the magic spell,

The sweetly sleeping charm that dwelt in that sweet
name,
My Maggie! Oh! none will ever know
The priceless bliss of HER, thy babe,
Thy *Eden-tinted* bud, thy sweet embryo gem!
Fresh-moulded from the hand of God,
Heaven's own counterpart, she came
In all her beauty, till thy soul, entranced with
pleasure,
Seemed beyond earth's vale to soar.
Sweetly, faintly stealing upon thine ear
Was its first cry. Oh! how it soothed thy heart's
oppressive sadness,
Breathing music to thy soul, waking every slum-
bering feeling,
Bearing thy thoughts from *earth* to heaven!
God sent her in autumnal hours, when fading buds
Drooped 'neath chilling winds. Yes, 'mid autumn
winds
Thy little flower awoke to life; a sweeter bud
Our lovely earth ne'er knew. Not yet two summers'
Life was hers, yet oh! the hopes that clustered
Around thy child! and bright were the garlands
woven

Of sweet summer thoughts like to the flowers
When by rain-drops kissed. O Maggie! what joys,
What diadem, what of earth's brightest gems
Can ever fill thy vacant place?
O cruel Death! thou hast a rare and radiant one,
Our dearest treasure, our sweet babe,
The brightest blossom on life's tree.

THE OLD HOUSE HAS GONE TO DECAY.

THE old house has gone to decay—
It nestled close by the stream,
Where once bright flowers perfumed the air
When kissed by the sun's fond beam.
Those flowers all have drooped and died,
Reft are they of their bloom;
And echoing sadly to the dimpled waves
Are sounds from the homestead's gloom.

There the tall oaks their branches fling
Across the cherished ruins there,
And the golden sunbeams softly play
Like jewels fresh and fair.

Through the bright green foliage comes the sound
Of the lone dove at eventide,
Breathing sad notes from her lonely heart
For the mate no more at her side.

Sweet voices are hushed, no more are heard
Joyous tones and sounds of bliss,
For, with those same enamelled flowers
They faded in their loveliness.
Their names I call, they answer not—
My soul's sad fount must gush alone—
For my lone heart hath lost each gem
That in love's casket shone.

And she whose bright and happy smile
Was sweetest, brightest, best—
Who cheered me oft in childhood's hour,
Has faded with the rest.
The old house has gone to decay,
It nestled close by the stream—
There once bright flowers perfumed the air
When kissed by the sun's fond beam.



DOWN A LONELY PATHWAY NEAR THE STREAM.

DOWN a lonely pathway near the stream
Dwells a maid in silent grief;
Earth hath no joys to make her glad,
No balm nor healing leaf.

Love's phantom smiles were all untrue,
Sad disappointment brought its pain;
Her once gay heart by grief was chilled,
By love's delusive reign.

No gentle words now soothe her heart,
To bid it wake again to peace;
For all her brightest dreams have flown—
No more will come fresh hopes of bliss.

Life had ever been to her
One scene of joyous hours,
And in her yearning, trusting soul,
Bloomed love's unfading flowers.

Long weary years have slowly fled,
Grief hath filled her heart with gloom ;
And scattered buds from love's fair wreath,
And made for her a lonely doom.

Love's voice is hushed, there comes no sound
Of tones that once a gladness shed ;
No echo comes from her soul's dark cave
To tell of joys forever fled.

Yes, years have fled—above that heart
Gay birds woo the answering flowers ;
And the sighing winds, so soft and low,
Rustle amid her once-loved bowers.





IN MEMORY OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

I POUR my sadness forth in gentle song
In memory of our noble dead ;
My soul bows 'neath the sudden stroke—
Our Lee hath *forever* fled !
Many a heart will for his presence yearn ;
Enshrouded is our land with gloom ;
Yet memory oft will plume her gilded wing
And weep o'er his hapless doom.

Death's ruthless hand hath torn from us
A patriot true and brave ;
A noble knight of heart and steel
Rests in the silent grave.
O laurel-crowned ! friend of the free—
Above thee will love's flow'rets wave ;
'Tis *thine alone* to claim *that* love,
The *homage* of the brave.

In days gone by hopes looked to us
All glorious as the dawn ;
A nation's spirit never dreamed
Those hopes would soon be gone.
Now shadowy thoughts of hopes that *were*
Come like a *funeral* pall,
For time and things have sadly changed,
Gloom on each heart doth fall.

Our noble Lee is gone! forever gone!
In the dark grave he reclines ;
While e'er with sad and aching hearts
Our wreath of sorrow twines.
Then softly tread above the place
Where rests our champion brave,
And let us drop for him the tear
Whose life bright lustre gave.

Our love shall ever linger round
Our fallen hero's tomb,
And memory's flow'rets o'er each noble deed
Will ever brightly bloom.
Then let us weep! *Our Lee is dead!*
Weep o'er his noble shrine ;
His sun has set ; he *rests* with *God* ;
By "*suffering purified ; by bravery made divine.*"



I'M DREAMING OF THE PAST, LOVE.

I 'M dreaming of the past, love,
Thy vows again I hear ;
Joy's bright garlands around me twine,
I see thy face so dear.
I've treasured every word of thine
As star-beams to my lonely way,
And ever upon this life's dark sea
Will burn love's quenchless ray.

E'en memory now with magic art
Brings back the happy past—
The treasured joys forever gone,
They were too bright to last.
This fond heart can ne'er forget
The dreams of other years,
For peace and pure affection hold
Sweet thoughts 'gainst future fears.

Though wayward fate has severed far
Two hearts as true as Heaven,
Thy love for me all grief dispels,
Thy heart to me is given:
Thy soul's best treasures still are mine,
I prize them with a miser's care—
And dreams of thee around me shine,
Beaming bright with beauty there.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

'TIS a fearful thing when the trusting heart
Is turned to sad despair;
When we sigh for joys by fate denied,
And *Hope* lies withered there:
To feel the inward heart is changed,
And cold is love and truth—
When come dark clouds with awful gloom
To blacken all our youth.
And when there comes no transient gleam
To cheer our hapless doom—
When *Faith* hath hid her snowy wing,
And deeper grows the gloom—

And when we feel the gushing tide
Of youth's young dream is o'er,
Then the *sinking* soul is *all despair*,
We cling to life no more.

BELOVED OF MY SOUL.

BELOVED of my soul! so loved, so waited for,
When wilt thou come in thy young manhood's
pride

My weary heart to cheer? Oft in my lonely hours
My tired soul turns trustingly to thee,
While dreams of happiness spent with thee
Come o'er me like the perfume of sweet faded
flowers.

Hour after hour there floateth down within my heart
Sweet thoughts of thee, and like jewels from some
radiant crown

They gleam all beautiful, bright, and pure.

Beloved of my soul! I see thy face

In all my dreams, and with deep intensity I muse
Upon the love that flows from thy fond heart for me
Like the stars that gem the "dark-browed night,"

Or like the murmurs of sea shells when by ocean
waves kissed.

Thy heart is my home that is ever with new beauty
rife,

While visions bright my lonely breast illumine ;

The memory of thy love is ever floating into my
soul

Like mellow sunbeams when they paint some far-off
scene

In all their glorious light, or like the strains

Of some sweet music ; we hear them in every pass-
ing breeze.

Oh ! solemn and slow the weary days pass on,

Chill and cold the winter winds sweep by,

While clouds of sorrow drive across my sky of
happiness,

Leaving me watching and lone

With an o'erburdened heart.





THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

ONCE more we've met around the hearth,
Round our dear and cherished home;
Yet on our brows there rests a grief—
Our loved one has not come.
The twilight shades have gathered fast
Around the sleeping earth,
And home voices are whispering sadly now—
We miss *one* tone of mirth.

Clouded is our sunlit heaven,
Not a ray is shining round;
Dark and drear is every object
On this lone and hallowed ground.
Yes, 'neath our roof-tree gathered
We sit, a lonely band,
For from our dear and cherished home
We miss *one* darling hand.

We miss the idol of our home,
The bright and noble one—
He was the darling of our hearts,
He was our morning sun.
He was like the stars that gem
The radiant brow of night—
Like beams from the moon, 'mid heaven,
Shedding a fond delight.

Ah! lonely glide the weary hours,
We list his coming night and day,
And weep in woe the bitter tears
Caused by his long delay.
Like some bleak spot, some winter view,
Is my o'ershadowed heart;
It feels no warmth, no rosy light,
While we are thus apart.





MUSINGS.

THE sad, sad winds are sighing,
And all is hushed to rest ;
All but *my heart* ; *that* cannot lean
Upon sleep's quiet breast.
My heart in this sad hour,
Its lonely vigils keeping,
Beats and throbs with grief and pain
For those in death now sleeping.
Yet fancy brings them once again
As they were in years ago ;
Their voices, sweet as summer glee,
Breathe murmurs soft and low.
Ah ! memory tells me many a tale,
She comes with magic power,
And hope and love all fitly blend
With childhood's happy hour :

Like chords that ever feel the thrill
That o'er their strings have swept—
Like the burden of a broken heart,
It breathes the strains that long have slept;
Such chords my spirit depths now thrill,
Rousing within sweet hidden springs,
Echoing sad notes from the broken lyre
Sweet as the rushing of angel wings.

OH! GIVE ME FLOWERS.

OH! give me flowers bright and fair—
Give them in the night of sorrow;
They tell of something fresh and pure,
“Something hopeful for the morrow.”

Give me flowers with dew-drops glistening,
They speak of love and pure devotion;
Each young leaflet seems with bright hopes swelling,
Ever speaking love's own emotion.

They are precious jewels gleaming
Ever in this world of ours;
Then give me, in the night of sorrow,
Flowers, bright and lovely flowers.

They come, sweet messengers of love,
All full of radiant light;
Piercing with joy the gloomy hours
When bowed 'neath sorrow's night.

Then give me flowers bright and fair—
Give them in the night of sorrow;
They tell of something fresh and pure,
“Something hopeful for the morrow.”

LINES.

THERE is a look within thine eye
That answers not to mine;
It chills the love I fain would give
For one sweet thought of thine.

There is a coldness in thy tone,
Thy smiles are all withdrawn;
Oh! thou hast had thy triumph hour;
I merit now thy scorn.

I writhe beneath the scorching pain,
My happy dream is o'er ;
My *fancied* joys forever fled,
Bright hopes return no more.

The happy dream hath passed away,
The lyre of love is broken ;
The depths of my proud heart were stirred
By a word too cruelly spoken.

Ah ! there was madness in thy tone,
It touched my heart's deep chords ;
You blighted its sweet budding joys
By that *one* cruel word.

But I forgive thee ! yes, forgive thee,
And bless thee as we part ;
'Tis over now—thy chain is broken—
I'll tear thee from my heart.



SCATTERED LEAVES.



MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BRIGHT angel forms, sweet messengers of love, spirits pure and holy! how I feel their presence blending with my own, pouring sweet blessings upon my heart, bidding it awake to hope and gladness. Are they not *all* ministering spirits? Yes, along the vista of the coming future, when the wasting blight of earthly woe steals over the stricken heart, then these angel ones come like carrier doves our lonely hours to brighten. Loved ones who are taken by the hand of death return again with love undying our weary souls to bless. *Ministering spirits! blessed thought, immortal through all coming time.* We see above us radiant lights beautiful and fair. With uplifted pinions, and looks of love, they hover near. Their brows are

still beautifully fair. They have lost none of the halo of that purity that once encircled them; for they are not of earth, but of *heaven*. Those angel ones who plumed their pinions to Eden land return once more. From their far-off heavenly homes they come, bearing the dew-drops of love upon their golden wings more bright than monarch's sparkling gems. Though love's earthly pinions may be clipped, their lustre dimmed, their beautiful forms return to dust again, yet their spirit lives, lives on through eternity, and the glory of heaven will cling round them still and "hallow all on whatsoe'er it rests."

Ministering spirits! we see them in all our waking hours; they *never* leave us, but, like a beautiful dream they hover o'er us still. They form a chain more pure than gold, a chain that reaches from earth's dull shore to God's throne above. They reflect every tint of joy in earth and in heaven, and their birthplace is the bosom of their God. Ministering spirits! their whispers are soft as a fairy's song—

"Or like the wind harp's faintest sigh,
That scarcely lives ere it doth die."

Those ministering spirits follow us on wings of joy, spreading their brightness round us to keep off evil forever. With what mingled mournfulness and strange rejoicing do we hear those whispers, bringing to the sad heart a sense of a fresh existence. Their angel *steps!* we hear them as they come, bearing us gifts from their glorious home on high, placing blossoms in our hearts to bloom, relighting the dim lamp of hope, bidding us look up and rejoice. Then,

“Lo! our eyes catch the flash of glancing wings,
And half seen visions of all glorious things.”

Ministering spirits are given us at our birth, to be our constant companions and guides. They walk with us, they hold sweet converse with us unperceived by men, and fill our dreams with high thoughts and pure imaginings. In the brightness and in the gloom, in joy, in grief, since the gates of Eden closed on guilty man, have there hovered those ministering spirits, giving us glimpses of the glories of their heavenly home—giving us faint echoes of the harpings of their immortal hymns,

and bidding us look with glad faith to the throne of the Eternal. Though their voices are hushed, and all unheard the sweet tones that once charmed us as a spell, and though to our souls we find no answering thrill, yet those same ministering spirits have ever borne

“A flowing urn, from whence a balm was shed
O'er sorrow's wounds, where'er their footsteps led.”





THE DARKENED HOME.

NIGHT, solemn and holy! Night, pure and beautiful! Midnight had chimed the hour, and the world lay sleeping as if bound by a spell. The stars were looking down in love from the far off heavens, while the moon sinking behind the distant hills shed a brightness on the enamel turf, and gilded leaf and fountain with a holy radiance. Each blade of grass bent beneath the tears of night, and within the blushing bosom of each floweret there yet "lolloped the dew-drops." The soft winds played among the sweet orange blossoms, while those same night dews drew from blossoms rare an odor sweet. Beautiful was the scene! The fitting time for the innocent soul to return to its God. All nature, weary of the turmoil of the day, had sunk to repose. In a handsomely furnished room of the stately mansion sat a young and

lovely woman. The hand of sorrow had been laid heavily upon her. She was watching by the side of her dead babe. The light within her heart had died out. On the couch lay the little form. Is it not ever thus? The loveliest, the purest are ever the first to leave us. And *it is well*. The laughing eyes were closed; the long fringed lashes lay lovingly upon the marble cheek. He had fled, the darling boy, fled to where star-eyed angels dwell beyond the glorious heavens; afar to that clime where myriads of angels throng around the throne more brilliant than gems of the sunlit Isles. No power of earth could close the pulse of anguish in unthrobbed sleep within that mother's breast. No charm in whispered words could blunt the keenness of her grief. Oh! what an influence did that infant boy shed over that widowed mother's heart, restoring love's broken spell, opening the fresh fountain of his young life to her, laying his pure affections as an offering *true* at her feet. Beautiful boy! born of the light of heavenly mansions, thou wert divine. The angels called thee early; thou art gone with earth's fair flowers. The icy fingers of death have stilled the beatings of thy little

heart, and on pinions bright thou wert borne to the spirit land. The golden link in life's bright chain was riven, the "silver cord was loosened, the golden bowl broken." Yet still that mother lingered o'er her dead boy, tracing there some sign of life her poor wrung heart had hoped to see. The little hand that had culled for her the opening flower returned not the loving clasp. How often in wakeful dreams will her soul bring back that cherished form, now cold and still. Oft will her sad heart turn to the lovely bud ere death had cast it from out her wreath of love, and had dimmed the lustrous dawn of future years. Bereft of her sweet boy, her poor wrecked heart lies mouldering amid the ruins of despair. She knelt in prayer. Long and earnest was that petition, and its burden was the cry of a suffering heart, "Not my will, O God! but thine." Again she prayed,

"That, though her child she might no longer see,
Her spirit still could look to heaven and thee."

Morning broke over the laughing earth; the mellow, golden light shed its soft rays upon the little sleeper. The soft breeze wafted through the

open window, lifted the long fair hair that floated over the satin pillow; while encircling his pure brow was a chaplet of snow-white buds still sparkling with dew-drops, and placed there by that poor mother. That dying smile—it beamed upon her heart like sunlight from heaven; it told of a reunion beyond the grave. Evening came, and while the sun was sinking to rest the little one was borne to the grave, there to await the coming of that Saviour who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.” The mother returned to her desolate home. The *returning* without her child. He to whose bosom that cherished one had gone—He *alone* could tell the anguish of that trial. Years passed by: a darkness on that mother fell. She too was laid upon the bed of death. She dreaded it not. Beside her shone a radiant light mysteriously beautiful, too pure for earth’s conception, and there was seen an angel form radiantly crowned. The dying mother recognizes her lost boy. He comes to bear the purifying fount of love to that fond mother’s heart, to free the soul from earth’s dull chains, and to plume her pinions to yon glorious light. New strength is given the weak clay;

again the pale lips are heard to utter the prayer of faith as in years ago. The angel spirit folds its white wings and bends to listen :—

“ My Father, all thy promises have I kept ;
He comforts those who have in sadness wept ;
Earth here I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.”

Far above, in Heaven's own home, there burst forth angelic strains, and the joyous anthem echoed round the throne of God. The spirit freed was borne upon the rapturous wings of the angel boy to the realms of bliss, no longer to dwell upon earth in the *darkened home*.





HOMeward BOUND.

NIGHT on the Mississippi! How grand! how glorious! The full-orbed moon rode high above on her chariot of clouds, and softly the moonbeams slept with delight upon the mighty waters beneath. Cunningly gleamed the little stars upon our bonny boat as she majestically ploughed the foaming waves. Yes, proudly tossed our gallant barque, and musingly I watched the billows on their paths of foam. The winds were calm, and onward we sailed. Now and then the tide murmured like despairing souls. Now deeply, softly;

“Then slowly, darkly, thoughtfully,
Lost itself in the mighty sea.”

Here and there a star-beam lay upon the wave, and the dancing waters cradled it to sleep. The tiny shells, lashed by the rushing waters, mur-

mured sadly of their ocean home. There was a charm to my eye when the waves would leap, and there was music in their roar.

“Away, away on the dashing spray
Our barque sped light and free.”

How my bosom bounded with wild delight as I watched the countless stars, like jewels rare, so calm and still! It seemed as if the light grew more dazzling as reflected from the diadem of heaven. How mournfully sounded the waters surging everywhere. Yet not alone did I enjoy the scene. The gay and talented “Bell Brittain,” with her lively sallies, her cheerful words, and bright smiles, bore me company. Her bright career lightly passes down the rapid stream of life like some bright fairy barque “bearing no sadder freight than fruits and flowers.” There, too, was the gifted Mackay, with his calm, proud mien, who, borne by easy flights up the steep of fame, has never sunk exhausted or discouraged. No jarring thoughts dared intrude upon the harmony of my mind during my homeward journey. I was not ennuied, for the summit of my desires was reached, my

warmest hopes, my brightest dreams, more than realized. I drank in their words deeply, yet still with deepening thirst. Again, there was Col. Fuller, late of the New York Mirror, whose soul was the abode of genius and love, who reflected the lightning of that mighty soul upon all who knew and conversed with him. To me he was a god of royal rule, ocean born, the true incarnation of all that was good and true. Mackay too, was, to my childish imagination, like the "iron casque of a poet reformer," a knight in the list against the age, whose "words clang like mail," whose name is, indeed, graved in all the pomp of fame; whose bright history records a heart of noblest mould. Was it any wonder I was content to go sailing along the wild rushing waters, to sleep on the rude wave-rocked pillow? Around me seemed to glow the beings of intellect. Hope, too, was near. Oh! would that *my* hopes, my aspirations, and my poor genius might expand and unfold into luxuriant life, and reach the sacred shrine of poetry; that

"My name could win an eminence o'er the throng
By the rare gift of poetry and song."

Yes, would *that* my hopes might become perfected into beautiful realization. I would have that gift burn upon my brow in the regal power and splendor of the *highest* genius, which weighs not heavily upon the brow of Mackay, nor lightly binds it. Such were my thoughts as I sailed along the Mississippi with the eloquent poet, the dashing and brilliant "Belle Brittain," and the witty Fuller. But time waned. After singing one or two songs for my friends, we said good night. I still lingered, looking at the moon's bright beams; still watched the waters in their godlike power, and with childish ecstasy my soul exultingly marked their proud career. But a change had come over the "spirit of my dream;" my thoughts flew with greater rapidity than the stately vessel, for *home* and its *treasures* lay a little way before me. Yes, I would soon be with the "loved ones at home," with those who knew and loved me best. One bright star seemed to speak of my home, my *own*, my sunny South. Once more its smiling skies would bend o'er me in all their brilliancy. There the bright flowers would shine through the silver dew, and their thousand odors would around me be thrown.

Again with footsteps light in gladness straying
would I wander o'er hill and dale. With airy
flight I'd wander up and down each rippling rill,
or repose on the banks of golden moss and gather
pebbles bright and shells of crimson hue. At home
would be found love's own dwelling,

“An Isyphena in every mind.”

A divine joy pervaded my whole being, and radiated from the anticipated meeting with those I loved and the friends of early years. St. Louis, with all her gay pleasures, will vanish like a dim dream of beauty; but the influence of *home* can *never* leave me. Again time waned. I sought my berth, and, while

“Rocked in the cradle of the deep,”

I fell into a sweet slumber. After a night of quiet rest I arose. The morning broke clear and beautiful. After greeting my friends a rosy good morning I accompanied them on deck, to greet the light-winged zephyrs and to watch the pearl shells play, and to listen again to the roar of the old “Mississip.” There was still a charm on the waves

that whispered of the night before; still there flowed in low liquid numbers the waterfall's song of "joys departed." As the chanting waves slumbered or dashed along, or as the tones of the murmuring tide kept time with the "beating of my own heart," I felt entranced. How charmed is the foam of waves on the rolling Mississippi, and the spell of the star-beam or the dazzling sun that whispers of home. But onward, still onward, swept the proud and stately "Philadelphia." The waters were never "weary of well-doing," for loudly they laughed adown the glen, and merrily danced over the rocky steep.

Again time waned. The evening sun sparkled along the surface of the river, and the blue smoke from the boat shot far up into the sky. *Almost home* unconsciously broke from my lips, and my heart leaped with joy. Yet a shadow fell upon my spirit when I thought of parting with my friends. The lone dove had hushed its low moan on the shore; the listening willows leaned over the waters at the approaching darkness. For the last time did the hours wane for me on the "Father of Waters." The night was fast approaching. The

sun had sunk to his ocean bed, and the sullen murmurs of the *now* murky waters as they heaved and lashed to and fro, all bespoke my near approach to home. At the request of the poet I gave them a "Bumper at Parting," false "*Nellie Lorraine*." But the last words had scarce died away when, jingle, jingle, went the old bell; the bound was passed, the goal was won. Memphis could be seen towering through the trees just round the bend, and in a few minutes we landed. My kind friends saw me safe from the boat to the house of a friend, where I was to remain until time for the cars to leave for my beautiful home, the lovely "Spring City." With a grateful heart for their kindness to me, I said good-bye, or, as Burns says, "A heart-warm, fond good-bye." *That meeting*, that farewell, had in it a memory that will ever gladden my heart in coming years, rousing within my soul sweet hidden notes of life's *gemmed keystone*, whose softest music, whose fairest freight is love and memory.



DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

YES, we miss thee. Memory imparts a hallowing influence to every haunt of our loved one. We have treasured every feature and every tone of our absent idol. But, alas! our home circle is broken. The magic tie of affection is loosened, and our bright visions are scattered. All is now dark and cheerless, where *once* was joy and sunshine. A gloom like night surrounds the hearts that are dearest to thee, and naught but thy dear presence can again build our throne of happiness, so ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Oh! long have we looked for thy familiar greeting, long have yearned to clasp thee to our hearts again, and bid thee rest in peace. Daily and nightly do prayers ascend from our saddened hearts for thy returning. But, alas! a cruel destiny still detains thee, and thou art *still* absent, still away from those who love and mourn thee. And it is a bitter

thought to hear that the hand of fate has with one fell stroke severed the dearest ties that bind the human heart to its dearest kindred, unheedful, unmindful that its relentless touch is followed by bitter wailings and heart-crushing woe.

“Do they miss me at home?” Ah! well I know thy lips murmur these words, and well I know thy spirit sends forth an ardent, earnest craving for *home*, thy haven of rest, and our response is—

“Yes, we miss thee at home ; yes, we miss thee,
Since the hour we bade thee adieu.”

It is a sad separation, but all has not left us, for we have blessed memories and sweet relics of thee. They sleep within our bosoms. They remain at our firesides. This separation, though cruel and afflicting, has not the power to sever our hearts, linked in bonds tender but indissoluble, or blast with adversity the budding flowers that bloomed luxuriantly under the rays of prosperity's sun. No, there is no severing of hearts such as ours. An effort to part them links them but the closer together.

“Do they miss me at home?” Look upon our

brows, overshadowed by the dark mantle of sorrow; look into our sad and tearful eyes, and *there* read thy answer. Could thine eye but search the most sacred chambers of our hearts, and there see how closely thou art entwined around our every chord of affection, then wouldst thou say, "Yes, I am missed." The chain of love has lost a link without thee, and hushed are the wonted tones of joy and gladness. The light upon our hearthstone is forever quenched until *thy* coming shall dispel its gloom and illume its darkness. The *lone* seat is still unclaimed. We listen for thy footsteps; at every echo of returning tread we pause and gaze, but, alas! the loved one cometh not. Oh! how patiently do we list for thy coming! And when twilight covers the hues of shade and light, and the moon's pale and gentle ray beams mildly down, and the world is wrapped in dreamy slumber, then we bow our heads in untold anguish and murmur, "We miss thee; oh, we miss thee!" Thy voice still lingers melodiously in our ear, like the echo of a sad and mournful cadence. The thoughts of thee, dear one, are the brightest spots in the memory of the past. They are like some old and

familiar music, some cherished strain, in which not a discord mingles "a thought of tranquillity, a memory of rest." Yes, we miss thee, my brother! Oh! how many thrilling emotions does that precious word strike in the chords of my heart. Memories of other days rush upon me, bringing to mind the sunny hours of childhood, when upon the guileless brow of youth, in life's unclouded days, beamed the light of love and peace. Then the bright, joyous sun shone ever cloudless, and hand in hand we roamed through the flowery land of childhood, unmindful, unheedful of the future. And sorrows, if we had them, were as transient as the rainbow's hues, and fleeting as the dewy breath of morn. But whither do my thoughts lead me! The wave of the past can never reflow, and the sunny hours can never return. No,

It hath fled, our sunny childhood;

Ah! it was too bright to last;

And I often weep with sorrow

That it hath *forever* past.

"Do they miss me at home?" The lute stands all silent and untouched, which so often sweetly vi-

brated beneath thy fingers; its strings lie hushed, its notes no longer swell and float with harmonious sweetness upon the air; and if by chance it is awakened from its mournful and dreamy slumber, it sadly whispers, "I miss thee." But the home which is now clothed in sorrow's dark apparel will ere long be clad in Hope's bright vesture, and happiness will again beam from our now weeping eyes, and our hearts will again beat joyous and free. Yes, the clouds which have cast their shadows on the brightness of our home will soon be dispelled, and Hope, pointing with rosy finger to the future, whispers of joys to come.

"Do they miss me at home?" When the hour of retiring comes and we give the parting kiss, tears bedew our eyes, for we think of the absent son, the absent brother, and gently waft him a "whispered good night." Though the wreath of love is bereft of its brightest and freshest leaf, yet around the buds the same soft perfume lingers. There is not a spot or corner in each of our hearts which your love has not graced, your friendship adorned, and your affection gladdened; and each

leaf of our scattered wreath quivers at each thought of thee.

And when, in lonely hours, thy lips murmur, "Do they miss me at home?" think, oh! think thou hearest the response from thy loved ones, "We miss thee—*all* miss thee at home."





THE DEBUTANT.

I HAVE just closed the pages of beautiful "Corinne," and as I muse on what I have read a feeling of sadness falls upon my heart, teaching me the emptiness of worldly pleasures, of earthly hopes, and fading honors. The reading of that witching story has made me feel lone and desolate, —desolate as a forsaken hearth. I ask myself the question, What will be the end of gay worldlings, of the young debutant who steps forth into the gay world, to drink at the fount of pleasure and partake of every amusement that happens to fall within her reach? Is the world and its pleasures a foundation upon which the heart may build with no fear of "receding sand?" Is it a field where the flowers of happiness are of an immortal bloom and fragrance? Alas! I fear not. The young debutant thinks it is charming, a most exquisite thing, to make her "debut," to mingle in the gay

world, to be a devout devotee at the shrine of pleasure, to enjoy the world's brilliant wit and fascinating dissipation. But ah! there is in the end a void which the world can never again fill, a void left by the exciting scenes that bedeck the path which so many choose, and which many fain would forsake but for a figure called Queen of Pleasure, who urges them *on, on*, yet which to inexperienced youth seems like the sweet promises of heavenly joy! This figure tells of beautiful and social scenes prepared in lovely places, through which she would lead them. She points gaily to the laughing crowd of which she is queen! Beautiful she is, indeed; yet oh! so *false* and black of heart. Great was the love and grief that bowed the beautiful "Corinne" and subdued her soul, throwing around her heart gloom and sorrow, and taking from it all its sunny inspirations. The world to her was *once* a "bright consuming fire," where rested her dreams, her bright hopes, and her *love*. But soon she sickened o'er the sacrifice, and often did she yearn over the lost treasures of other years, worn in heart, turning to youth and innocent joys; turning from the mocking world; laying her torn heart in

the dust, there to die, having had it thrown back bleeding at her feet. Thus it will be with the young who bind themselves with the galling chains of the world's pleasures. Yes, with veiled faces, the bright, the beautiful, even the *innocent* follow this peerless creature, in hopes of having each bright dream realized. Alas! they leave their homes of joy to walk evermore onward, onward, through unknown snares, and by the borders of dreadful depths. Will these glittering scenes become real? Will they taste all the joy they fancied could be drunk at the fount of pleasure, and will the promises of the siren who lured the young "debutant" on be fulfilled? Will each heart be satisfied with the friendship, the feet with the flowers of that fair seeming place which the world calls the Eden of unfading pleasures? A warning voice, my good Genii, whispers, It may not be. In that field are there not *serpents* lurking beneath the grass, hidden beneath the flowery beds? Yes, *all*, *all* is deception. There the young "debutant," and all who follow the pleasures of the world, bind around them chains which might seem to be of fairest flowers, but would yet prove to be of iron,

eating deep wounds into the soul. A "change will come o'er the spirit of their dreams." They will mourn for the innocent sports in the lovely garden of happiness, fragrant with the flowers of childhood. The gay phantom which is ever at their side will mock at the wearied soul and laugh to scorn the fears which rankle in the breast. Ambition, wealth, and honor may build their throne; laurels may wreath the brow, and fame may sing aloud their names, and fortune may gild their *very* footsteps; yet amid the world's false and fading pleasures one's sunlight is clouded, the flower of love is scentless, the white-plumed angel hovers amid the desolation of blighted happiness, finding no rest for her stainless wing. Alas! the "first withering of the young heart." Who can fathom the depth of its woe? Where shall it turn for consolation? Where is a voice to bid it hope? Shall the heart still be a slave to the world? shall it still seek sympathy from the fount which has already turned it to wormwood? Shall *that same* bleeding heart, with the arrow of sin still rankling in the wound, seek consolation from the hoard of words stored up for such agonized moments, and

doled out by the worldly ones called friends?
Then can it be truly said—

“Thou hast grown old in the world’s ways, and known
How its bright tides can on to darkness flow !
Thine eye is dim ; thy voice hath lost its tone ;
Thy step o’er childhood’s paths is sad and slow.”

Again :—

“Thou hast come home to seek a rest and peace,
To nestle, wearied, in thy bower again ;
Thou hast come home to ask a short release
From the world’s anguish and its galling chain.
Alas ! in vain ; that stern and iron spell
From thy dim dreams may never more depart !
With peace thy wild, sad spirit may not dwell,
And fold her dove-like pinions on thy heart.”

Then let not that enduring affection which grapples heart to heart with “hooks of steel” bind the heart of the “debutant” to the world so as to wean her from the social band of her childhood’s home, where her purity, her loveliness is entwined about the heartstrings of loved ones, where she is the link, the golden chain of that band, the one pearl

from the string of home happiness, the one leaf from the roof-tree, the one flower from the parterre. Let *home* and its *pleasures* be the starry nucleus around which will cluster all the poetry of our youth, and the best and purest emotions of our nature. Let not the pillars of *home* associations be broken and ruined; let not the *world* be the swift sirocco to blast the beauty of social happiness. May our debut in life be such as will cause no bitter tears, no vain and fruitless regrets in *coming* years! May sweet fountains spring up in our paths as each successive year rolls by, and may bright garlands of peace sit like diadems on our aged brows; and may the characters traced upon the tablets of our hearts be those of a *sinless* memory; and may we at last be rewarded by a crown of richer hue and fragrance than ever graced a Tasso's brow.





REVERIES.

THE little clock upon the mantel has tolled the hour of midnight; silence hangs heavily over the sleeping earth. As I sit musing it seems as if all of life's joys, its sorrows, its hopes and its fears are slumbering amid the ruins of the past. There arise the scattered monuments of childhood follies, looming high through the dark shadows of bygone days. How vividly do the visions of the past, with all their hallowed associations, rise up before me, and my thoughts travel back with rapid flight and roam once more amid the happy scenes of other years, when life was but a dream of holy bliss; when hope wreathed with glad smiles my youthful brow; when my heart was like the summer lake. Oh! visions of happiness, how fondly will ye be remembered! How like a dream of some dim, far-off land of beauty are the memories of "long ago." Yet there are regrets shadowed

from the wings of memory as she flits over the past. *On earth these* can never be *effaced*; and as they rise up before me my cries of agony mount up to heaven, echoing through the mazes of eternity. Oh! that I could view once more the pictures of youth and happiness! could gaze once more upon scenes so fair, tinged with the light of sweet and holy remembrance. Let me gaze once more upon the rainbow, the “broken covenant” of my life, which hath faded away forever! Time hath flown on leaden wings, and the magic circle of love is diminished, and our household gods are scattered; tender ties are broken, and the “dove of peace,” who started upon her weary pilgrimage, will *return no more*! Those scenes, with their magic spell, dwell with me yet, though so many weary years have passed. But the years are falling from my brow, and when I look far down the vale of *other* years and trace the path through which my steps have come, I bow my grief-stricken head and murmur “*Thy* will be done.” I can only *dream* of the hopes that threaded the woof of life’s brightest festival. Those hopes come as a haunting dream to the traveller in the waste of the lone

and gushing waters which may never again cool his parched lips. They come as a "mournful and half-forgotten strain," and as whisperings on the lyre chords their memory sweeps my soul. Oh! would that I could wreath from the flowers of past joys a chaplet of bright hopes for future happiness. But, alas!

"A weary, wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly weight;
A palmer through the world and sky,
Seeking the celestial gate."

A dark pall loosens its dreary folds, circling me round with its Egyptian darkness, and tracing upon my heart with barbed arrows dark and fearful pictures, while visions grim and shadowy gather in the halls of memory. What power on earth can soothe this heart and free it of its burthen, or take from it its bitterness? Where is the bright guardian, once radiant with heavenly smiles, bearing in its hand a chalice from which it poured sweet fragrance upon my heart? Alas! grief came, and those once bright pinions flagged, and upon the title-page of my heart's history was written

Fatality. The path marked out for me is one of thorns, yet I will walk *that* path *boldly, striving* to endure patiently, heroically, to the end, feeling a calm resignation to the will of God. Yet as years pass by, carrying us all towards the ocean of eternity, my heart will still cling to the *brightest* part of that "long ago." Upon *that* memory will ever remain, undarkened by shadows, a hallowed spot, round which my heart will delight to linger. Whisperings within me shall be of

"Something that finds not its answer here,
A chain to be clasped in another sphere."

My eyes grow dim and heavy with their "weight of unwept tears;" I am drinking of sorrow's cup; and while the murky tide grows darker I quaff it up with lips pale with the agony they cannot speak. Marble pale is the brow whereon is enthroned the spirit's agony. My heart struggles to bid those ice bonds melt that have gathered about its strings, feeling that to unseal the "fount of tears" would cool the burning brain. But time wanes. One by one the little stars have died out, leaving me lone and watching, while from my spirit's dark cave there comes *no* light to break its seals.



REVERIES CONTINUED.

HOW beautiful is the night, with its myriad stars rising in beauty over the world, while the moon kisses the ocean's cheek with kisses purer than gems from Afric's mine. The distant hills all reflect back the smiles of the queen of night, while the soft wind, whispering softly through the green foliage, wakes the blue waters from their gentle sleep. The scene is so void of strife, so stirless, that e'en the peerless nightingale ceases his matchless warbling to take in the beauty of the night. At such an hour my spirit seeks to hold silent communion with *thee*, my brother, *thou* who oft hath stayed my soul through many a mournful hour; whose influence could break through the dense cloud of my wayward heart, to free it from life's changing dreams. *Time* could not so quickly obliterate thy cherished face from memory's glass,

nor cause coldness of heart to spring up, leaving the ashes of forgetfulness. No; within my bosom the fair pearls of affection lie, sending forth even now its whisperings to thee, lending the golden chariot of thought to each heart-throb, while my *spirit* to thee a passage finds. The spirit's converse, unperceived by mortal eye, will *last*, giving to us the hue of love though "speaking in silence's voice."

Even now memory tells of the dreamy past, of the summer glow, the sunlight of early years, and, clad in hues of splendor, comes back the shadowy forms of those I loved. *Time* and *distance* are annihilated; shadows pass away; and I am borne back to the time when *we* two were as *one*. Thou art with me *now*. Thy face again I see. Thou art whispering words of peace to my troubled soul. Ah! over many of earth's vain follies, its loves, its hates, its wild ambitions, did thy pure love a watchful vigil keep. Alas! how prone was I to remain among the bowers of youthful follies, where many a heart has watched its own slow wasting till *every* hope vanished like a star. *Thy* voice always spoke sweet words of love, telling of joys

which *seemed* to us of brightest worth, that yet might in "dust all blighted lie;" that *dreams*, which made the fragrance of the soul, might rob life of its beauty; that *fate's* thickening mystery might be revealed, and we would see each hope wither ere it had burst to bloom. *That fate has been revealed*, and I have felt the shadow and the thorn. Ah! thou wert to me, in our early days, a guiding star, and I *still* turn to thee, all grateful for the good thou hast planted in my heart; for the gentle smiles and words of love that have ever been as daydreams to my o'ershadowed soul. A brother's power! Oh! priceless gem! Six long, weary years have passed since last we met. Six years! "Small item in the great account of eternity, yet to some a lifetime of despair." Ah! lonely heart; sorrowing soul; whether tears, tears of blood, still longer fall upon *thy soil*; whether grief shall still suck the life dew, and the trial become still severer; lonely heart, sorrowing soul, blessed are you still. It may be that I shall live to see that which has been sown in bitterness bearing the sheaves of a noble harvest.

Do you ever think of the garden of childhood?

that garden so beautifully fair. *There* we knew no clouds. If transient shadows came they were only fleeting sorrows of childish hearts, which left the tear upon the smiling cheek. And the friends of our youth! Some are still living; some severed by distance; some, alas! by death. Yes, some (those we loved best) have been carried over the boundless tide of eternity; their lips, that ever spake but to cheer, are *sealed*—marble sealed—while to them are yielded visions of a land divine. *We* are still of earth, wearing coils around us, binding us closer, tighter still to its vanities and its empty show.

But the joyous and beautiful creations of our childhood shall not be forgotten amid the sorrows of this life. No, let us contemplate them hourly; plant fresh flowers of love and affection beside them, that they may in old age bear refreshing fruit, all carefully embalmed as if in amber.





AMONG THE DEAD.

THE sunset beamed above the tall maples and bathed in beauty the earth and sky in a perfect flood of glory. I turned my steps towards the home of the dead. As I entered the massive gate a feeling of awe stole over me, and I thought,

“Such the destiny of all on earth ;
So flourishes and fades majestic man.”

From nature's choir there seemed to ascend the low, sad requiem, “I'm passing away.” I felt more forcibly the truth that Death's sentence is decreed upon all things terrestrial. The lovely flowers bloom but to die; the lofty trees become aged and fall to the ground, breathing heavy sighs of departure. As I gazed upon the monuments before me, my imagination winged its flight to ages past, and reflected upon the time of power and

magnificence, and thoughts of melancholy arose as I felt they could never again be realized. And where now are those of the mighty dead—those whose names once glowed upon the lips of beauty; whose high and daring spirits might have held the world in mastery; those who had overthrown the power of nations, and who had the power to stamp a whole long life with their own coloring. I thought, where now are they? Gone, all gone. They are as if they had never been:—

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

The dead! Some in gloom, sorrow, and hopelessness went unto the silence of the tomb, whose strength was wasted in illusions lost, whose hopes were phantoms ever; whose youth was girt with glory, honor, hopes, and joys, but which never were realized; whose “cup foamed with ruby wine,” and yet held bitter dregs. Man is but dust, and to dust he returns. All his glory, his power, and his greatness are but “living corruption.” They glitter but for awhile, then sink forever in the eternal night of death. Alexander, Napoleon, Shakspeare, towering Milton, law-giving Alfred,

learned Newton, and others of the mighty dead, who were but bubbles upon the stream, they too have returned to the earth from which they sprang.

Here and there could be seen graves humbly decorated by the hands of love with simple flowers, fit emblems of the departed. Those pure offerings remind the living that there is a spring-time even in the grave. Ah! the heart is a paradise of shadows; and we dream on, feeling that the *best* of life is a *dream*. The grave! 'Tis a place of rest; a place where we can bury crushed hopes and withered joys; a place where earthly sorrow is forgotten, and peace and quiet reign for evermore. As I passed from grave to grave a feeling of sadness seemed to lull my senses, and upon every passing breeze was wafted "I'm passing away." Upon every leaf, upon every bud we see it written. In every note of the warbling bird we hear "I'm passing away." Alas! we see it upon earth's frail beings, *indelibly* written there by the hand of God. These frail beings' homes are in the flesh, and with the flesh they will pass away. The beauties of nature; this glorious creation, with its myriad of charms, is rapidly crumbling to dust, *surely* pass-

ing away. Though each and every object bears the stamp of divinity, yet that stamp can be erased and all sink into nothingness again. We may cull the fairest flower, gather the richest treasures from earth's mines, inhale the sweetest odor-laden air, gaze upon the most brilliant hues of day, upon the dew-drop gems which deck the brow of night, yet we sigh to feel they are passing away. Earth is beautiful! The roses that wreathed the bower of Eve with their dewy freshness; the babbling brooks; the melody of the birds, made that garden a fairy scene, and all was gorgeous. But sin came, and they, with all their joy, with all things lovely, passed away in *darkness* and *forever*. But twilight was fast deepening into the darker shades of night, and the tall shadows of the maples, checkering with strange mosaic the lonely pathway of the graveyard, told me that night was coming on. The stars were just beginning to peep from heaven's high vault as I turned my steps homeward. Oh! that each one would in this life plant flowers within the heart, though they would bloom but briefly and pass away, yet send forth perfume even in decay.



INTEMPERANCE.

THERE is ever a dark shadow walking by the Inebriate's side, silent and inscrutable. The death mark has been drawn between him and happiness—a deep gulf, with a grave at the bottom, must be passed before he can again be the true and noble one of society. In looking back upon his past life, before he knew the stinging touch of the serpent's bite, the Inebriate marks the great contrast. His *past* life! What a blissful, soul-fraught dream! Bright flowers of his manhood, that cast their breath on each fairy blossom. In his present condition he tries to wipe the mist from his eyes, believing he sees indistinctly; yet he *feels* that he is *changed*—that he is not the creature of the once happy past, but a poor beast of the woe-worn *present*. Oh! what listening spirit, what winged thing hovering near, has stolen away

his *once* noble manhood, his *purest* and best feelings, his every thought of all that was pure and innocent? 'Tis the black-winged spirit of *Intemperance*, misery's pale-eyed offspring and its heir. 'Tis a worm that "outvenoms all the worms of the Nile." Over the "wine drinker" even bright angel forms, sweet carrier doves, those messengers of love and joy, bend from the fair precincts of the holy dominions to weep. *Sorrow* and fear, *themselves* the shade of death, cling around the path of those who indulge in spirits, and around the hearts of those who, in spite of their lost manhood, love them. Still, *Intemperance* is a foe, a *relentless* foe. His footstep breaks upon the happy home circle, snapping the frail snow-wreath of happiness, clouding the sunlit mind, the soul, generous and brave. The iron tooth of despair strikes deeper in the poisoned soul, yet he still clings with palsied grasp to his load of misery; to the worm that bites but to destroy. Each hour, each day, and each year adds but to his misery. Like arctic mountains, on whose hoary tops each winter adds its growing weight of snow, so the Inebriate's life numbers seasons by increasing woes; and day by

day a heavier burden does he bear. Alas! Intemperance's sun never wavers, never wanes or decays. Look abroad! Wherever we see those who "taste just a little," we see the *signet* mark of Intemperance; we see but death and shame upon every feature, and every step reverberates over the grave of *ruined hopes, broken hearts, and blighted prospects*. Oh! that every wine drinker might be drawn away from gloom and guilt to live that better life that knows no death. Intemperance! It rides on, mighty, firm, and black winged. Lo! a wreck rolls heavily before it. The dark waves of despair roll on, on to the deep, dark caves which can *never be fathomed*. To the Intemperate life is but a horrid dream, some phantom fiend beckoning with grisly hand the frightened soul to thoughts of madness. They struggle in sick despair, and at last sink into the realm of nothingness, and—

"Just as the lightning's flash, without its thunder,
Blasts what it looks on with its venomous eyes."

But ah! that dreadful lightning flash, that fills the soul with blackest woe, reveals the fatal breakers nigh. The Inebriate's life is a mighty grave,

wherein is daily buried happy dreams, glorious aspirations, and brilliant ephemerons. Alas! those noble aspirations must pass away without even an epitaph, because crushed in their vigor by Intemperance. Then pause, ye wine drinkers, ere you, who were "placed a little lower than the angels," become an empty cenotaph—a stranger's grave—mouldering and mingling with your mother earth, unheeded and unknown.





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